

ARNOLD'S
TRAVELLING JOURNALS,

WITH

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE LIFE AND LETTERS.

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PREFACE.

IT has been thought advisable to throw some part of the "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold" into a more accessible shape. The only portion which seemed naturally to separate itself from the rest, and at the same time form a complete whole in itself, was that which consisted of Extracts from the Journals. These, accordingly, have been given at length, as they appear in the last edition of the "Life and Correspondence." It has also been thought that the volume thus formed might be rendered more extensively useful by a selection of such expressions of opinion or sentiment on Educational, Religious, Political, and Theological subjects as were least dependent on external or temporary circumstances, and as would thus convey a correct impression of his feelings and conviction on points of general interest.

It will be obvious that these selections necessarily lose much of their force by separation from their original context. It will also be evident that some of the remarks have ceased to be applicable

from the change of circumstances since they were written. Thus, to give one instance, the regret expressed in p. 51 must have been greatly modified by the publication of such historical works as those of Thirlwall, Grote, and Macaulay. Such defects are, however, inseparable from a volume like the present, and do not affect the objects for which it has been compiled.

A. P. S.

AUG. 28, 1852.

CONTENTS.

TRAVELLING JOURNALS.

I. TOUR IN NORTH OF ITALY, 1825.

	PAGE
1. Contrast of English and Italian Peasantry	3
2. Cliff above the Lake of Como (first visit)	4
3. Genoa	5

II. TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1826.

Comparison of Scotch and English Education	10
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III. TOUR TO ROME THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

1. Prayers for Royal Families	11
2. French People	12
3. Approach to Rome (first visit)	13
4. View from the Capitol (Arch of Titus)	15
5. Monte Mario	17
6. Roman Churches	18
7. Evils of Residence Abroad	20
8. Meeting with Savigny	20
9. Colosseum	20
10. Rome and the Campagna	22
11. Plain of the Po.—Italy and Prussia	24
12. Cliff above the Lake of Como (second visit)	26

IV. TOUR IN GERMANY, 1828.

1. First View of the Rhine	27
2. Check to the Roman Conquests in Germany	28
3. The Elbe.—Rivers and Human Life	29

V. TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND NORTH OF ITALY.

1. The Jura	31
2. The Mediterranean	32

	PAGE
3. The Lake of Como.—England and Italy	32
4. Chiavenna	33
5. Champagne	36

VI. TOUR IN THE SAME.

1. French Liberals at Geneva	37
2. View from S. Maria del Monte	39
3. Cliff above the Lake of Como (third visit)	41
4. Good Influence of Italian Clergy on Wills	43
5. Imitation of Herodotus	44
6. Anniversary of his Wedding Day	45
7. Visit to Niebuhr at Bonn	47
8. Germany, France, and England	50

VII. TOUR IN SCOTLAND, 1831.

1. Contrast of Scotch and English Churches	52
2. Church Reform	54

VIII. TOUR IN FRANCE.

1. Recollections of different Visits to Dover	55
2. Chartres.—Good and Evil of Roman Catholicism	59

IX. TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

1. Paris	62
2. France and England	63
3. Palace at Avignon	63
4. Plain of Crau.—Salon	64
5. Geneva	66
6. Roads and Railways	67
7. France	68

X. TOUR TO ROME AND NAPLES THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

1. Orleans.—Siege of Orleans	71
2. Use of Images	72
French Geology.—Feudal Castles	73

	PAGE
3. Ancient and Modern Times	75
4. Sunset on the Mediterranean	76
5. Italians	78
6. Campo Santo at Pisa	79
7. Approach to Rome.—Tuscan Population.—Sienna.—Scenery.—Radicofani.—Campagna.—Rome.—Athens.—Jerusalem	80
8. Pantheon.—S. Stephano Rotondo.—Martyrs	93
9. Appii Forum	95
10. Mola di Gaeta.—Cicero's Villa	95
11. Naples	96
12. Pompeii	97
13. Geography of Samnium	99
14. Aquila.—Church of England at Home and Abroad	100
15. Vale of Rieti.—Moral and Natural Beauty	102
16. Ancient City Walls.—Watershed of the Apennines	104
17. The Flaminian Way	108
18. Banks of the Metaurus	109
19. Classical Inscriptions	110
20. Papal Government	111
21. Modena.—Political Freedom	113
22. Italian Switzerland	115
23. Geography of Italy	116
24. Swiss History	118
25. Swiss Lakes	120
26. Swiss Lowlands	121
27. Farewell to France	122
28. Landing in England	124
29. London to Rugby	125
30. Arrival at Fox How	126

XI. TOUR IN SOUTH OF FRANCE.

1. Prospects of Theology	128
2. French Scenery	128
3. Gascony	129
4. Contrast of St. Jean de Luz and Mola di Gaeta	130

	PAGE
5. Frontier of France and Spain	131
6. Geography of Spain	132
7. Birthplace of Scaliger	133
8. Translation of the Bible into French	133
9. Roman Catholicism	134
10. Prospects for England	134
11. Prospects for France	135

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE AND LETTERS.

EDUCATION.

1. Private Tuition	139
2. Learning by Teaching	140
3. Qualifications for Teaching	140
4. The same	141
5. Qualifications for a Schoolmaster	142
6. Qualifications for an Assistant-Master	142
7. Need of Liveliness in Teaching	142
8. Difficulties of a Public School	143
9. The same	144
10. The same	144
11. The same	145
12. Study	147
13. Translation	147
14. Study of the Classical Languages	148

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1. Difficulties of Religious Life	148
2. The same	150
3. The same	150
4. The same	151
5. Evil of Reserve	151
6. Want of Faith	152
7. Early Death	152
8. Earnestness	153

“ It sufficiently appears from Dr. Arnold’s letters, how great a pleasure he took in travelling. It was, in fact, except so far as his domestic life can be so considered, his chief recreation, combining, as it did, opportunities for following out his delight in History with his love of external nature, both in its poetical and scientific aspect. In works of art he took but little interest, and any extended researches in physical science were precluded by want of time, whilst from natural history he had an instinctive, but characteristic shrinking. ‘ The whole subject,’ he said, ‘ of the brute creation is to me one of such painful mystery, that I dare not approach it.’ But geography and geology in all their forms, plants and flowers, not from any botanical interest, but for their own sakes,—beauty of architecture and of scenery,—had an attraction for him, which it is difficult adequately to express ; and, when to these were added the associations of great historical events, it may well be conceived how enthusiastic was his delight in his short summer tours, and how essential a part of his life they became, whether in present enjoyment or past recollection.

“ It was his practice when travelling to keep very minute journals, which, as his tours were, partly from necessity and partly from choice, extremely rapid, he wrote always on the spot, or immediately after, and often whilst actually in the act of travelling. And,

being addressed throughout to his absent wife or children, as the case might be, they partake partly of the character of a private diary, or of private letters, but rather of conversation, such as he would have held with those whom he was addressing, had they been actually with him.

“ It is obvious that no selections from journals of this description can give any adequate notion of the whole, of which they are fragments,—of the domestic playfulness,—the humorous details, in verse or prose, of travelling adventures,—the very jolts of the carriage, and difficulties of the road,—the rapid sketches of the mere geographical outline of the country,—the succession of historical associations,—the love, brought out *more strongly* by absence, for his own church and country,—the strain of devout thought and prayer pervading the whole,—which, when taken altogether, give a more living image of the man himself, than anything else which he has left. But to publish the whole of any one of the many volumes through which these journals extend, was for many reasons impossible, and it has therefore been thought desirable to select, in the following extracts, such passages as contained matters of the most general interest, with so much of the ordinary context as might serve to obviate the abruptness of their introduction, and in the hope that due allowance will be made for the difference in their character, as they are read, thus torn from their natural place, instead of appearing in the general course of his thoughts and observations, as they were suggested by the various scenes and objects through which he was passing.”—*Life and Correspondence*, p. 640.

I. TOUR IN THE NORTH OF ITALY, 1825.

Chiavasso, July 3, 1825.

1. LOMBARDY.—I can now understand what Signor A—— said of the nakedness of the country between Hounslow and Laleham, as all the plains here are covered with fruit trees, and the villages, however filthy within, are generally picturesque, either from situation, or from the character of their buildings, and their lively white. The architecture of the churches, however, is quite bad, and certainly their villages bear no more comparison with those of Northamptonshire, than St. Giles's does with Waterloo Place. There are more ruins here than I expected, ruined towers, I mean, of modern date, which are frequent in the towns and villages. The countenances of the people are fine, but we see no gentlemen anywhere, or else the distinction of ranks is lost altogether, except with the court and the high nobility. In the valley of Aosta, through which we were travelling all yesterday, the whole land, I hear, is possessed by the peasants, and there are no great proprietors at all. I am quite satisfied that there is a good in this, as well as an evil, and that our state of society is not so immensely superior as we flatter ourselves. I know that our higher classes are immensely superior to any one here: but I doubt whether our system produces a greater amount of happiness, or saves more misery, than theirs; and I cannot help thinking, that, if their dreadful superstition were exchanged for the Gospel,

their division of society would more tend to the general good than ours. Their superstition is indeed most shocking, and yet with some points in which we should do well to imitate them. I like the simple crosses and oratories by the roadside, and the texts of Scripture which one often sees quoted upon them; but they are profaned by such a predominance of idolatry to the Virgin, and of falsehood and folly about the Saints, that no man can tell what portion of the water of life is still retained for those who drink it so corrupted. I want more than ever to see and talk with some of their priests, who are both honest and sensible, if, indeed, any man can be so, and yet belong to a system so abominable.

July 25, 1825.

2. *Como*.—On the cliff above the *Lake of Como*.—We are on a mule track that goes from *Como* along the eastern shore of the lake, and as the mountains go sheer down into the water, the mule track is obliged to be cut out of their sides, like a terrace, half way between their summits and their feet. They are covered with wood, all chestnut, from top to bottom, except where patches have been found level enough for houses to stand on, and vines to grow; but just where we are it is quite lonely; I look up to the blue sky, and down to the blue lake, the one just above me, and the other just below me, and see both through the thick branches of the chestnuts. Seventeen or eighteen vessels, with their white sails, are enlivening the lake, and about half a mile on my right, the rock is too steep for anything to grow on it, and goes down a bare cliff. A little beyond,

I see some terraces and vines, and bright white houses, and further still, there is a little low point, running out into the lake, which just affords room for a village, close on the water's edge, and a white church tower rising in the midst of it. The opposite shore is just the same, villages and mountains, and trees and vines, all one perfect loveliness. I have found plenty of the red cyclamen, whose perfume is exquisite.

On the edge of the Lake of Como.—We have made our way down to the water's edge to bathe, and are now sitting on a stone to cool. No words can describe the beauty of all the scenery; we stopped at a walk at a spot, where a stream descended in a deep green dell from the mountains, with a succession of falls; the dell so deep, that the sun could not reach the water, which lay every now and then resting in deep rocky pools, so beautifully clear, that nothing but strong prudence prevented us from bathing in them; the banks of the dell, all turf, and magnificent chestnuts, varied with rocks, and the broad lake bright in the sunshine stretched out before us.

3. GENOA.

From the *Lectures on Modern History*, p. 171, 1st edit.

“ Some of you, I doubt not, remember Genoa; you have seen that queenly city with its streets of palaces, rising tier above tier from the water, girdling with the long lines of its bright white houses the vast sweep of its harbour, the mouth of which is marked by a huge natural mole of rock, crowned by its magnificent light-house tower. You remember how its white houses rose out of a mass of fig and olive and orange trees, the

glory of its old patrician luxury; you may have observed the mountains behind the town spotted at intervals by small circular low towers, one of which is distinctly conspicuous where the ridge of the hills rises to its summit, and hides from view all the country behind it. Those towers are the forts of the famous lines, which, curiously resembling in shape the later Syracusan walls enclosing Epipolæ, converge inland from the eastern and western extremities of the city, looking down, the western line on the valley of the Polcevera, the eastern on that of the Bisagno, till they meet, as I have said, on the summit of the mountains, where the hills cease to rise from the sea, and become more or less of a table-land running off towards the interior, at the distance, as well as I remember, of between two and three miles from the outside of the city. Thus a very large open space is enclosed within the lines, and Genoa is capable, therefore, of becoming a vast entrenched camp, holding not so much a garrison as an army. In the autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French *out of Lombardy and Piedmont*; their last victory of Fossano or Genola had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po; the French clung to Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa, the narrow strip of coast between the Apennines and the sea, which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Masseua, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa. Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be ex-

pected to take the field till the following spring, and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without—everything was to depend on his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy a hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians, and, by the vigilance of his cruisers, the whole coasting trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It is not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the daily sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, begin to realize the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, begin seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the storehouses began to be drawn upon; and no fresh supply or hope of supply appeared. Winter passed away, and spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and open to the full rays of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hill sides within the lines with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens by its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hill sides were now visited for a very different object; ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting

up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure. The French general pitied the distress of the people, but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese, and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy; not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering and most miserable death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes, husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa, in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on, till, in the month of June, when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plain of Lombardy, the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure. Other horrors which occurred besides during this blockade I pass over; the agonizing death of twenty thousand innocent and helpless persons requires nothing to be added to it.

“ Now on which side the law of nations should throw the guilt of most atrocious murder, is of little comparative consequence, or whether it should attach it to both sides equally: but that the deliberate starving to

death of twenty thousand helpless persons should be regarded as a crime in one or both of the parties concerned in it, seems to me self-evident. The simplest course would seem to be, that all non-combatants should be allowed to go out of a blockaded town, and that the general who should refuse to let them pass, should be regarded in the same light as one who were to murder his prisoners, or who were to be in the habit of butchering women and children. For it is not true that war only looks to the speediest and most effectual way of attaining its object, so that as the letting the inhabitants go out would enable the garrison to maintain the town longer, the laws of war authorize the keeping them in and starving them. Poisoning wells might be a still quicker method of reducing a place, but do the laws of war therefore sanction it? I shall not be supposed for a moment to be placing the guilt of the individuals concerned in the two cases which I am going to compare, on an equal footing; it would be most unjust to do so, for in the one case they acted, as they supposed, according to a law which made what they did their duty. But take the cases themselves, and examine them in all their circumstances; the degree of suffering inflicted, the innocence and helplessness of the sufferers, the interests at stake, and the possibility of otherwise securing them; and if any man can defend the lawfulness, in the abstract, of the starvation of the inhabitants of Genoa, I will engage also to establish the lawfulness of the massacres of September."

II. TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

August 9, 1826.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH EDUCATION.—The cheapness of education is certainly a great thing for Scotland; and the new Edinburgh Academy promises to be as economical as the High School. They are both day schools; and parents mostly, therefore, reside in Edinburgh whilst their children are at school. About fourteen, youths enter at college, and at twenty-one they enter on their professions, at least those of Law and Physic; but at college they board at home, or with some relation, or in some cheap boarding-house: thus the expenses are limited to the mere fees for attendance on lectures, *which of course are trifling*, but not more moderate than in Oxford; nay, a pupil at Oxford gets his college tuition comparatively cheaper, considering how much more an Oxford tutor can do, and does commonly, than a Professor who merely reads Lectures. The advantages of the Edinburgh system are, however, very considerable; in many respects I wish we could adopt them, or rather blend them with those points in which we are certainly far superior. The friendships of an English public school and university can rarely, I should think, be formed on the Scotch system: but on the other hand the domestic affections are more cherished. Jeffrey said that all nations remarked the want of filial affection in sons towards their fathers in England; the looking upon them as harsh and niggardly, and the want of entire love and confidence towards them, was peculiarly English,—and he attributed it to the estrangement from home, and the habits of expense which are at once generated by our system of education; the one

loosening the intimacy and close knowledge of one another, which should subsist between father and son, the other supplying a perpetual food for mutual complaints and unkindness. Assuredly this is true in some measure, and is an evil arising out of our system of education which had never struck me before. It certainly furnishes an additional reason for doing every thing to reduce the expenses of our system; and there is this also to be said—if a boy in Scotland wastes the advantages given him, at least the loss to his father is not great in a pecuniary point of view; but in England a little fortune is sunk in a boy's education, and how often is the fruit returned absolutely nothing! On the other hand, in the most favourable cases, there can be no comparison between what Oxford and Cambridge can do for a man, and what he can gain at Edinburgh—nor indeed is the comparison quite fair, because we rarely leave the University till a year or two later than is the case in Scotland; and in *the most favourable cases*, a year between twenty-one and twenty-two is of incalculable benefit.

III. TOUR TO ROME THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

Paris, March, 1827.

1. PRAYERS FOR ROYAL FAMILIES.—In church to-day there was a prayer read for the king and royal family of France, but they were prayed for simply in their personal capacity, and not as the rulers of a great nation, nor was there any prayer for the French people. St. Paul's exhortation is, to pray, not for kings *and their families*, but for kings and *all who are in autho-*

rity, "that we may lead a peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." So for ever is this most pure command corrupted by servility and courtliness.

Joigny, April 6, 1827.

2. FRENCH SOCIETY.—Sens has a fine cathedral with two very beautiful painted rose windows in the transepts, and a monument of the Dauphin, father to the present king, which is much spoken of. Here the cheating of the blacksmiths went on in full perfection, and is really a very great drawback to the pleasure of travelling in France. The moment we stop anywhere, out comes a fellow with his leatheren apron, and goes poking and prying about the carriage in hopes of finding some job to do; and they all do their work so ill, that they generally never fail to find something left for them by their predecessors' clumsiness. Again, I have been struck with the total absence of all gentlemen, and of all persons of the education and feelings of gentlemen. I am afraid that the bulk of the people are sadly ignorant and unprincipled, and then liberty and equality are but evils. A little less aristocracy in our country, and a little more here, would seem a desirable improvement: there seem great elements of good amongst the people here,—great courtesy and kindness, with all their cheating and unreasonableness. May He, who only can, turn the hearts of this people, and of all other people, to the knowledge and love of Himself in His Son, in whom there is neither Englishman nor Frenchman, any more than Jew or Greek, but Christ is all and in all! And may He keep alive in me the spirit of charity, to judge favourably and feel kindly

towards those amongst whom I am travelling; inasmuch as Christ died for them as well as for us, and they too call themselves after His name.

April, 1827.

3. APPROACH TO ROME.—When we turned the summit and opened on the view of the other side, it might be called the first approach to Rome. At the distance of more than forty miles, it was of course impossible to see the town, and besides the distance was hazy; but we were looking on the scene of the Roman History; we were standing on the outward edge of the frame of the great picture, and, though the features of it were not to be traced distinctly, yet we had the consciousness that they were before us. Here, too, we first saw the Mediterranean; the Alban hills, I think, in the remote distance, and just beneath us, on the left, Soracte, an outlier of the Apennines, which has got to the right bank of the Tiber, and stands out by itself most magnificently. Close under us in front, was the Ciminiian Lake, the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded, as they all are, with their basin of wooded hills, and lying like a beautiful mirror stretched out before us. Then there was the grand beauty of Italian scenery, the depth of the valleys, and the endless variety of the mountain outline, and the towns perched up on the mountain summits, and this now seen under a mottled sky which threw an ever-varying shadow and light over the valley beneath, and all the freshness of the young spring. We descended along one of the rims of this lake to Ronciglione, and from thence, still descending on the whole, to Monterossi. Here the famous Cam-

pagna begins, and it certainly is one of the most striking tracts of country I ever beheld. It is by no means a perfect flat, except between Rome and the sea; but rather like the Bagshot Heath country—ridges of hills with intermediate valleys, and the road often running between high steep banks, and sometimes crossing sluggish streams sunk in a deep bed. All these banks were overgrown with the broom, now in full flower; and the same plant was luxuriant everywhere. There seemed no apparent reason why the country should be so desolate; the grass was growing richly everywhere, there was no marsh anywhere visible, but all looked as fresh and healthy as any of our chalk downs in England. But it is a wide wilderness; no villages, scarcely any houses, and here and there a lonely ruin of a single square tower, which I suppose used to serve as strongholds for men and cattle in the plundering warfare of the middle ages. It was after crowning the top of one of these lines of hills, a little on the Roman side of Baccano, at five minutes after six, according to my watch, that we had the first view of Rome itself. I expected to see St. Peter's rising above the line of the horizon as York Minster does, but instead of that, it was within the horizon, and so was much less conspicuous, and, only a part of the dome being visible, from the nature of the ground, it looked mean and stumpy. Nothing else marked the site of the city, but the trees of the gardens about it, sunk by the distance into one dark mass, and the number of white villas, specking the opposite bank of the Tiber for some little distance above the town, and then suddenly ceasing. But the whole scene that burst upon

our view, when taken in all its parts, was most interesting. Full in front rose the Alban hills, the white villas on their sides distinctly visible, even at that distance, which was more than thirty miles. On the left were the Apennines, and Tivoli was distinctly to be seen on the summit of its mountain, on one of the lowest and nearest points of the chain. On the right and all before us lay the Campagna, whose perfectly level outline was succeeded by that of the sea, which was scarcely more so. It began now to get dark, and, as there is hardly any twilight, it was dark soon after we left La Storta, the last post before you enter Rome. The air blew fresh and cool, and we had a pleasant drive over the remaining part of the Campagna till we descended into the valley of the Tiber, and crossed it by the Milvian bridge. About two miles further on we reached the walls of Rome, and entered by the Porta del Popolo.

April, 1827.

4. ROME.—After dinner Bunsen called for us in his carriage and took us to his house first on the Capitol, the different windows of which command the different views of ancient and modern Rome. Never shall I forget the view of the former; we looked down on the Forum, and just opposite were the Palatine and the Aventine, with the ruins of the palace of the Caesars on the one, and houses intermixed with gardens on the other. The mass of the Colosseum rose beyond the Forum, and, beyond all, the wide plain of the Campagna to the sea. On the left rose the Alban hills bright in the setting sun, which played full upon

Frascati and Albano, and the trees which edge the lake; and, further away in the distance, it lit up the old town of Lavicum. Then we descended into the Forum, the light fast fading away and throwing a kindred soberness over the scene of ruin. The soil has risen from rubbish at least fifteen feet, so that no wonder that the hills look lower than they used to do, having been never very considerable at the first. There it was, one scene of desolation, from the massy foundation stones of the Capitoline Temple, which were laid by Tarquinius the Proud, to a single pillar erected in honour of Phocas, the Eastern Emperor, in *the fifth century*. What the fragments of pillars belonged to, perhaps we never can know; but that I think matters little. I care not whether it was a temple of Jupiter Stator, or the Basilica Julia, but one knows that one is on the ground of the Forum, under the Capitol, the place where the tribes assembled, and the orators spoke; the scene, in short, of all the internal struggles of the Roman people. We passed on to the Arch of Titus. Amongst the reliefs, there is the figure of a man bearing the golden candlestick from the Temple of Jerusalem as one of the spoils of the triumph. Yet He who abandoned His visible and local Temple to the hands of the heathen for the sins of His nominal worshippers, has taken to Him His great power and has gotten Him glory by destroying the idols of Rome as He had done the idols of Babylon: and the golden candlestick burns and shall burn with an everlasting light, while the enemies of His holy name, Babylon, Rome, or the carcase of sin in every land, which the eagles of His wrath will surely

find out, perish for ever from before Him. We returned to our inn to dress, and then went again to Bunsen's evening party. We came home about eleven; I wrote some Journal, and went to bed soon after twelve. Such was my first day in Rome; and if I were to leave it to-morrow, I should think that one day was well worth the journey. But you cannot tell how poor all the objects of the North of Italy seem in comparison with what I find here; I do not mean as to scenery or actual beauty, but in interest. When I leave Rome I could willingly sleep all the way to Laleham; that so I might bring home my recollection of this place "unmixed with baser matter."

May 2, 1827.

5. After dinner we started again in our carriage to the Ponte Molle, about two miles out of Rome. All the way the road runs under a steep and cliffy bank, which is the continuation of the Collis Hortulorum in Rome itself, and which turns off at the Ponte Molle, and forms the boundary of the Tiber for some way to the northward, the cliffs, however, being succeeded by grass slopes. On the right bank, after crossing the Ponte Molle, the road which we followed ran south-west towards St. Peter's and the Vatican, between the Tiber and the Monte Mario. The Monte Mario is the highest point of the same line of hills, of which the Vatican and Janiculum form parts; it is a line intersected with many valleys of denudation, making several curves, and as it were little bays and creeks in it, like the hills on the right bank of the Thames behind Chertsey, which coming forward at St.

Anne's, fall back in a very irregular line behind Stroud and Thorpe Green, and then come forward again with a higher and steeper side close to the Thames at Cooper's Hill. The Monte Mario is like Cooper's Hill, the highest, boldest, and most prominent part of the line; it is about the height and steepness, too, of Cooper's Hill, and has the Tiber just at the foot of it like the Thames at Anchorwick. To keep up the resemblance, there is a sort of a terrace at the top of the Monte Mario planted with cypresses, and a villa, though dilapidated, crowns the summit, as also at our old friend above Egham. Here we stood, on a most delicious evening, the ilex and the gum-cistus in great profusion about us, the slope below full of olives and vines, the cypresses over our heads, and before our eyes all that one has ever read of in Roman History—the course of the Tiber between the low hills that bound it, coming down from Fidenæ, and receiving the Allia and the Anio; beyond, the Apennines, the distant and higher summits still quite white with snow; in front, the Alban Hills; on the right, the Campagna to the sea, and just beneath us the whole length of Rome, ancient and modern—St. Peter's and the Colosseum rising as the representatives of each—the Pantheon, the Aventine, the Quirinal, all the well-known objects distinctly laid before us. One may safely say that the world cannot contain many views of such mingled beauty and interest as this.

6. From the Aventine we again visited the Colosseum, which I admired most exceedingly, but I cannot describe its effect. Then to the Church of St. John at the Lateran gate, before which stands the

highest of the Egyptian obelisks, brought by Constantine to Rome. Near to this church also is the Scala Santa, or pretended staircase of Pilate's house at Jerusalem. It is cased with wood, and people may only ascend to it on their knees, as I saw several persons doing. Then we went to St. Maria Maggiore, to Maria degli Angeli at the baths of Diocletian, and from thence I was deposited again at —. I care very little for the sight of their churches, and nothing at all for the recollection of them. St. John at the Lateran is, I think, the finest; and the form of the Greek cross at St. Maria degli Angeli, is much better for these buildings than that of the Latin. But precious marbles, and precious stones, and gilding, and rich colouring, are to me like the kaleidoscope, and no more; and these churches are almost as inferior to ours, in my judgment, as their worship is to ours. I saw these two lines painted on the wall in the street to-day, near an image of the Virgin :

“ Chi vuole in morte aver Gesu per Padre,
Onori in vita la sua Santa Madre.”

I declare I do not know what name of abhorrence can be too strong for a religion which, holding the very bread of life in its hands, thus feeds the people with poison. I say “the bread of life;” for in some things the indestructible virtue of Christ's Gospel breaks through all their pollutions of it; and I have seen frequent placards also—but printed papers, not printed on the walls, and therefore, perhaps, the work of some good individual. “ Iddio ci vede. Eternita.” This is a sort of seed scattered by the wayside, which certainly would not have been found in heathen Rome.

7. I fear that our countrymen, and especially our unmarried countrymen, who live long abroad, are not in the best possible moral state, however much they may do in science and literature ; which comes back to my old opinion that such pursuits will not do for a man's main business, and that they must be used in subordination to a clearly-perceived Christian end, and looked upon as of most subordinate value, or else they become as *tal* as absolute idleness. In fact, the house is spirituall, empty, so long as the pearl of great price is not there, although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge. But, in saying this I do not allude to —, but to a *class* : I heard him say nothing amiss, except negatively ; and I have great reason to thank him for his civility. But it is so delightful to meet with a man like Bunsen, with whom I know that all is right, that perhaps the contrast of those with whom I cannot feel the same certainty, is the more striking.

8. We found the Savignys at home, and I had some considerable talk with Savigny about the Roman Law, which was satisfactory to me on this account,—that I found that I knew enough of the subject to understand what its difficulties were, and that, in conversing with the most profound master of the Roman Law in Europe, I found that I had been examining the right sources of information. He thought that the Tribes voted upon laws down to a late period of the Emperor's government.

May, 1827.

9. Lastly, we ascended to the top of the Colosseum, Bunsen leaving us at the door, to go home ; and I

seated myself with —, just above the main entrance, towards the Forum, and there took my farewell look over Rome. It was a delicious evening, and everything was looking to advantage:—the huge Colosseum just under me,—the tufts of ilex and aliternus, and other shrubs that fringe the ruins everywhere in the lower parts,—while the outside wall, with its top of gigantic stones, lifts itself high above, and seems like a mountain barrier of bare rock, inclosing a green and varied valley.—I sat and gazed upon the scene with an intense and mingled feeling. The world could show nothing grander; it was one which for years I had longed to see, and I was now looking at it for the last time. I do not think you will be jealous, dearest, if I confess that I could not take leave of it without something of regret. Even with you and our darlings, I would not live out of our dear country, to which I feel bound alike by every tie of duty and affection; and to be here a vagrant, without you, is certainly very far from happiness. Not for an instant would I prolong my absence from Laleham, yet still I feel, at leaving Rome, very differently from what I ever felt at leaving any other place not more endeared than this is by personal ties; and when I last see the dome of St. Peter's, I shall seem to be parting from more than a mere town full of curiosities, where the eye has been amused, and the intellect gratified. I never thought to have felt thus tenderly towards Rome; but the inexpressible solemnity and beauty of her ruined condition has quite bewitched me; and to the latest hour of my life I shall remember the Forum, the surrounding hills, and the magnificent Colosseum.

10. ROME AND THE CAMPAGNA.

From the History of Rome, vol. i. p. 36.

“ And now what was Rome, and what was the country around it, which have both acquired an interest such as can cease only when earth itself shall perish? The hills of Rome are such as we rarely see in England, low in height, but with steep and rocky sides. In early times the natural wood still remained in patches amidst the buildings, as at this day it grows here and there on the green sides of the Monte Testacco. Across the Tiber the ground rises to a greater height than that of the Roman hills, but its summit is a level unbroken line, while the heights, which opposite to Rome itself rise immediately from the river, under the names of Janiculus and Vaticanus, then sweep away to some distance from it, and return in their highest and boldest form at the Monte Mario, just above the Milvian bridge and the Flaminian road. Thus to the west the view is immediately bounded; but to the north and north-east the eye ranges over the low ground of the Campagna to the nearest line of the Apennines, which closes up, as with a gigantic wall, all the Sabine, Latin, and Volscian lowlands, while over it are still distinctly to be seen the high summits of the central Apennines, covered with snow, even at this day, for more than six months in the year. South and south-west lies the wide plain of the Campagna: its level line succeeded by the equally-level line of the sea, which can only be distinguished from it by the brighter light reflected from its waters. Eastward, after ten miles of plain, the view is bounded by the Alban hills,

a cluster of high bold points rising out of the Campagna, like Arran from the sea, on the highest of which, at nearly the same height with the summit of Helvellyn, stood the Temple of Jupiter Latiaris, the scene of the common worship of all the people of the Latin name. Immediately under this highest point lies the crater-like basin of the Alban lake; and on its nearer rim might be seen the trees of the grove of Ferentia, where the Latins held the great civil assemblies of their nation. Further to the north, on the edge of the Alban hills looking towards Rome, was the town and citadel of Tusculum; and beyond this, a lower summit crowned with the walls and towers of Labicum seems to connect the Alban hills with the line of the Apennines just at the spot where the citadel of Præneste, high up on the mountain side, marks the opening into the country of the Hernicans, and into the valleys of the streams that feed the Liris. Returning nearer to Rome, the lowland country of the Campagna is broken by long green swelling ridges, the ground rising and falling, as in the heath country of Surrey and Berkshire. The streams are dull and sluggish, but the hill sides above them constantly break away into little rocky cliffs, where on every ledge the wild fig now strikes out its branches, and tufts of broom are clustering, but which in old times formed the natural strength of the citadels of the numerous cities of Latium. Except in these narrow dells, the present aspect of the country is all bare and desolate, with no trees nor any human habitation. But anciently, in the time of the early kings of Rome, it was full of independent cities, and, in its population and the careful cultivation of its little gar-

den-like farms, must have resembled the most flourishing parts of Lombardy or the Netherlands."

In a *ferry-bout* on the Po. May 16, 1827.

11. LOMBARDY.—Here we are in our carriage in a great boat, with another carriage alongside of us, in which is a priest of some dignity, as I imagine, with two servants. The Po has been uncivil to us, and first of all broke down the bridge of Placentia, and obliged us to go round by Pavia, and then has made such a flood that we cannot land at the usual place, but are going to have a voyage of nearly a mile up the river. The scene is very Trentish: the wide and very dirty river; the exceedingly rich and fat plains, the church towers on the banks, and the exceeding clumsiness of the boats—so unlike those of the Thames. Meanwhile I gain some time for Journal, which I am in great need of. The whole of yesterday morning, from nine to half-past two, I spent in the Library at Parma, collating Thucydides. At a little before four we left Parma, and a little before nine we reached Placentia. I must not omit to mention the remarkable beauty of the fire-flies last night, just as we entered Placentia. The wide meadows before we reached the town were sparkling with the shifting light of hundreds of these little creatures, whose irregular movements and perpetual change resembled a fairy dance, in which each elf carried a lamp in his hand, alternately lighting and extinguishing it by magic power. I never saw them before in such abundance. The change of climate from Rome is very perceptible. We have no olives here, and few figs, and the flowers in the fields and hedges are mostly the same as our

own; though I still see our garden gladiolus in the corn-fields, and the dog-roses are in full bloom. From Placentia here we have been again on old ground—still the great plain of Lombardy, which we have now followed for 120 miles without one hill—and we are going to follow it for 50 more on the other bank of the Po from here to Como. Its richness is apparently unequal, and about Placentia it seems much inferior to what it is about Bologna, Modena, and Reggio. We have just crossed about three miles of the Sardinian dominions in our way to the Po: and for this little bit we have again had trouble with the Custom House about my books: for it seems the Sardinian Government is afraid of light as well as its neighbours. There has evidently been a great deal of rain here lately, and all the streams from the Apennines are full. We should not have been able to cross the Trebbia had there not been a bridge built about two years since, and the same may be said of the Taro. These increasing facilities of communication are certainly very creditable to the governments, and of good omen for the people; as they may tend to give them some activity of mind, and some knowledge of what is going on at some little distance from their own homes; and thus they may in time be fit for liberty. But I cannot think that any good and wise man can regret the failure of the Piedmontese and Neapolitan revolutions of 1821. It would be a hopeless state of things to see the half-informed and thoroughly unprincipled lawyers, merchants, and literati of Italy, put into the possession of power. With Prussia the case is totally different; but the king there has done so much good, that we may hope

favourably of what he will do to make his people independent of the personal character of their sovereign. Successors like himself he cannot reckon on; and the true magnanimity of a sovereign is, to resign the exclusive power of doing good to his people, and to be content that they should do it to themselves. By the way, I suppose it was this sentiment in my Life of Trajan that —— found so shocking: but be it so; at that rate I cannot write what will not be shocking,— and most ashamed I should be so to write as that such men should approve of it. The Po has been now civil enough to redeem his incivility, so I shall part with him on good terms.

On the mountain side, above the Lake (second visit).

May 19, 1827.

12. Como.—I am now seated, dearest M——, very nearly in the same spot from which I took my sketch with —— in 1825; and I am very glad to be here again, for certainly the steam-boat had given no adequate impression of the beauties of this lake, and I did not wish to go away from it—admiring it less than I did the last time. But now, seated under its chestnut woods, and looking down upon its clear water, it appears as beautiful as ever. Again I see the white sails specking it, and the cliff running down sheer into it, and the village of Tomo running out into it on its little peninsula, and Blevio nearer to me, and the houses sometimes lining the water's edge, and sometimes clustering up amidst the chestnuts. How strange to be sitting twice within two years in the same place, on the shores of an Italian lake, and to be twice describing

the self-same scenery. But now I feel to be taking a final leave of it, and to be viewing the inexpressible beauty of these lakes for the last time. And I am fully satisfied ;—for their images will remain for ever in my memory, and one has something else to do in life than to be for ever running about after objects to delight the eye or the intellect. “This, I say, brethren; the time is short ;” and how much is to be done in that time ! May God, who has given me so much enjoyment, give me grace to be duly active and zealous in His service ; that I may make this relaxation really useful, and hallow it as His gift, through Christ Jesus. May I not be idle or selfish, or vainly romantic ; but sober, watchful, diligent, and full of love to my brethren.

IV. TOUR IN GERMANY.

June 9, 1828.

1. COLOGNE.—Early this morning we left Aix, and came on to Cologne. The country, which about Aix is very pretty, soon degenerates into great masses of table land, divided at long intervals by the valley of the Roer, in which is Juliers, or Julich, where we breakfasted, and that of the Ernst, in which is Bergheim. All this was dull enough, but the weather meantime was steadyng and settling itself, and the distances were getting very clear, and at last our table-land ended and sank down into a plain, and from the edge of it, as we began to descend, we burst upon the view of the valley of the Rhine, the city of Cologne, with all its towers, the Rhine itself distinctly seen at the distance of seven miles,—the Seven Mountains above

Bonn on our right, and a boundless sweep of the country beyond the Rhine in front of us. To be sure, it was a striking contrast to the first view of the valley of the Tiber from the mountain of Viterbo; but the Rhine in mighty recollections will vie with anything, and this spot was particularly striking: Cologne was Agrippa's colony inhabited by Germans, brought from beyond the river, to live as the subjects of Rome; the river itself was the frontier of the Empire—the limit, as it were, of two worlds, that of Roman laws and customs, and that of German. Far before us lay the land of our Saxon and Teutonic forefathers—the land uncorrupted by Roman or any other mixture; the birth-place of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen—of the soundest laws—the least violent passions, and the fairest domestic and civil virtues. I thought of that memorable defeat of Varus and his three legions, which for ever confined the Romans to the western side of the Rhine, and preserved the Teutonic nation—the regenerating element in modern Europe—safe and free.

2. CHECK TO THE ROMAN CONQUESTS IN GERMANY.

History of the Later Roman Commonwealth, II., p. 316.

“While the Romans were extending their conquests from the Alps to the Danube, they attempted to penetrate in another quarter into the very heart of Germany, and to advance their frontier from the Rhine to the Elbe. Claudius Drusus was first employed in this service, and afterwards his elder brother, Tiberius Nero. In the course of these wars more than fifty Roman fortresses were built on the banks of

the Rhine, many of which were the first germ of towns still existing; and amongst these are to be numbered Mentz, Bingen, Coblenz, Andernach, and Bonn. A fleet also co-operated with the army, sailing round from the ports of Gaul to the mouth of the Elbe; and the country was so far overrun, that Drusus had established military posts along the course of that river, as well as of the Weser. Had these successes been unchecked, the Romans would have permanently occupied the greatest part of Germany; the Latin language and the manners of Italy might have prevailed as entirely over the language and manners of the Germans as they did over those of the Gauls and Spaniards; whilst the Teutonic tribes, pressed by the Romans on the Elbe, and by the Sclavonic nations on the Oder and the Vistula, would have been either gradually overpowered and lost, or at any rate would never have been able to spread that regenerating influence over the best portion of Europe, to which the excellence of our modern institutions may in great measure be referred. If this be so, the victory of Arminius deserves to be reckoned among those signal deliverances which have affected for centuries the happiness of mankind; and we may regard the destruction of Quintilius Varus, and his three legions, on the banks of the Lippe, as second only in the benefits derived from it to the victory of Charles Martel at Tours, over the invading host of the Mohammedans."

On the Elbe, a little before sunset. July, 1828.

3. THE ELBE.—We are now near Pirna, that is, near the end of the Saxon Switzerland; the cliffs which here

line the river on both sides—a wall of cliff rising out of wood, and crowned with wood—will in a very short time sink down into plains, or at the best into gentle slopes, and the Elbe will wind through one unvaried flat from this point till it reaches the sea. There is to me something almost affecting in the striking analogy of rivers to the course of human life, and my fondness for them makes me notice it more in them than in any other objects in which it may exist equally. The Elbe rises in plains; it flows through plains for some way; then for many miles it runs through the beautiful scenery which we have been visiting, and then it is plain again for all the rest of its course. Even yet, dearest, and we have reached our middle course in the ordinary run of life; how much more favoured have we been than this river; for hitherto we have gone on through nothing but a fair country, yet so far like the Elbe, that the middle has been the loveliest. And what if our course is henceforth to run through plains as dreary as those of the Elbe, for we are now widely separated, and I may never be allowed to return to you; and I know not what may happen, or may even now have happened to you. Then the river may be our comfort, for we are passing on as it passes, and we are going to the bosom of that Being who sent us forth, even as the rivers return to the sea, the general fountain of all waters. Thus much is natural religion,—not surely to be despised or neglected, though we have more given us than anything which the analogy of nature can parallel. For He who trod the sea, and whose path is in the deep waters, has visited us with so many manifestations of His grace, and is our God by such other high titles, greater than that of

creation, that to him who puts out the arm of faith, and brings the mercies that are round him home to his own particular use, how full of overflowing comfort must the world be, even when its plains are the dreariest and loneliest! Well may every one of Christ's disciples repeat to Him the prayer made by His first twelve, "Lord increase our faith!" and well may He wonder—as the Scripture applies such a term to God—that our faith is so little. Be it strengthened in us, dearest wife, and in our children, that we may be all one, now and evermore, in Christ Jesus.

V. TOUR IN SWITZERLAND AND NORTH OF ITALY.

July 16, 1829.

1. THE JURA.—How completely is the Jura like Cithaeron, with its *νάπαι* and *λειμῶνες*, and all that scenery which Euripides has given to the life in the Bacchæ. Immediately beyond the post-house, at S. Cergues, the view opens,—one that I never saw surpassed, nor can I ever; for if America should afford scenes of greater natural beauty, yet the associations cannot be the same. No time, to civilized man, can make the Andes like the Alps; another Deluge alone could place them on a level. There was the lake of Geneva, with its inimitable and indescribable blue,—the whole range of the mountains which bound its southern shore,—the towns that edge its banks,—the rich plain between us and its waters,—and immediately around us the pines and oaks of the Jura, and its deep glens, and its thousand flowers,—out of which we looked on this Paradise.

Genoa, July 29, 1829.

2. THE MEDITERRANEAN.—Once again I am on the shore of the Mediterranean. I saw it only from a distance when I was last in Italy, but now I am once more on its very edge, and have been on it and in it. True it is, that the Mediterranean is no more than a vast mass of salt water, if people choose to think it so; but it is also the most magnificent thing in the world, if you choose to think it so; and it is as truly the latter as it is the former. And as the pococurante temper is not the happiest, and that which can admire heartily is much more akin to that which can love heartily, *ο δε αγαπῶν, θεῶν ἡδον ὄμοιος*,—so, my children, I wish that if ever you come to Genoa, you may think the Mediterranean to be more than any common sea, and may be unable to look upon it without a deep stirring of delight.

On the Lake of Como, August 2, 1829.

3. THE LAKE OF COMO.—I fancy how delightful it would be to bring one's family and live here; but then, happily, I think and feel how little such voluptuous enjoyment would repay for abandoning the line of usefulness and activity which I have in England, and how the feeling myself helpless and useless, living merely to look about me, and training up my children in the same way, would soon make all this beauty pall, and appear even wearisome. But to see it as we are now doing, in our moments of recreation, to strengthen us for work to come, and to gild with beautiful recollections our daily life of home duties;—this, indeed, is delightful, and is a pleasure which I think we may enjoy without restraint. England has other destinies than these countries,—I

use the word in no foolish or unchristian sense,—but she has other destinies; her people have more required of them; with her full intelligence, her restless activity, her enormous means, and enormous difficulties; her pure religion and unchecked freedom; her form of society, with so much of evil, yet so much of good in it, and such immense power conferred by it; her citizens, least of all men, should think of their own rest or enjoyment, but should cherish every faculty and improve every opportunity to the uttermost, to do good to themselves and to the world. Therefore these lovely valleys, and this surpassing beauty of lake and mountain, and garden and wood, are least, of all men, for us to covet: and our country, so entirely subdued as it is to man's uses, with its gentle hills and valleys, its innumerable canals and coaches, is best suited as an instrument of usefulness.

Zurich, August 7, 1829.

4. CHIAVENNA.—Once more I must recross the Alps to Chiavenna, which certainly is amongst the most extraordinary places I ever beheld. Its situation resembles that of Aosta and Bellinzona, and I think, if possible, it surpasses them both. The mountains by which it is enclosed are formed of that hard dark rock which is so predominant in the lower parts of the Alps on the Italian side, and which gives them so decided a character. Above Chiavenna their height is unusually great, and their magnificence, both in the ruggedness of their form and the steepness of their cliffs, as in the gigantic size of the fragments which they have thrown down into the valley, and in the luxuriance of their chestnut woods, is of the very highest degree. The

effect, too, is greater, because the valley is so much narrower than that of the Ticino at Bellinzona, or of the Dorea Baltea at Aosta; in fact the stream is rather a torrent than a river, but full and impetuous, and surprisingly clear, although the snowy Alps from which it takes its source rise at a very little distance; but their substance apparently is harder than that of the Alps about Mont Blanc, and the torrents therefore are far purer than the Dorea or the Arve. In the very midst of the town of Chiavenna, now covered with terrace walls and vineyards to its very summit, stands an enormous fragment of rock, once detached from the neighbouring mountains, and rising to the height, I suppose, of seventy or eighty feet. It was formerly occupied by a fortress built on its top by the Spaniards, in their wars in the north of Italy; but it all looks quiet and peaceful now. Miss II., her brother, and I wandered out before dinner to take a scramble amidst the rocks and chestnuts. We followed a path between the walls of the vineyards, wide enough for one person only till it led us out amid the rocks, and then continued to wind about amongst them, leading to the little grotto-like dwellings which were scattered amongst them, or built on to the enormous fragments which cover the whole mountain side. On the tops of these fragments, however, as well as between them, a vegetation of fine grass has contrived to establish itself, and the chestnuts twist their knotty roots about in every direction till they find some fissure by which they can strike down into the soil. It is impossible therefore to picture anything more beautiful than a scramble about these mountains. You are in a wood of the most mag-

nificent trees, shaded from the sun, yet not treading on mouldering leaves or damp earth, but on a carpet of the freshest spring turf, rich with all sorts of flowers. You have the softness of an upland meadow and the richness of an English park, yet you are amidst masses of rock, now rearing their steep sides in bare cliffs, now hung with the senna and the broom, now carpeted with turf, and only showing their existence by the infinitely-varied form which they give to the ground, the numberless deep dells, and green amphitheatres, and deliciously smooth platforms, all caused by the ruins of the mountain which have thus broken and studded its surface, and are yet so mellowed by the rich vegetation which time has given them, that they now only soften its character.

This to me unrivalled beauty of the chestnut woods was very remarkable in two or three scenes which we saw the next day; one before we set out for the Splügen, when we drove a little way up the valley of Chiavenna to see a waterfall. The fall was beautiful in itself, as all waterfalls must be, but its peculiar charm was this, that instead of falling amidst copsewood, as the falls in Wales and the North of England generally do, or amidst mere shattered rocks, like that fine one in the Valais near Martigny—here, on the contrary, the water fell over a cliff of black rock into a deep rocky basin, and then as it slowed down in its torrent it ran beneath a platform of the most delicious grass, on which the great chestnut trees stood about as finely as in an English park, and rose almost to a level with the top of the fall, while the turf underneath them was steeped in a perpetual dew from the spray. The other

scene was on the road to Isola, on the way to the Splugen, in the valley of the Liina. It is rather a gorge than a valley, so closely do the mountains approach one another, while the torrent is one succession of falls. Yet just in one place, where the road by a succession of zigzags had wound up to the level of the top of the falls, and where the stream was running for a short space as gentle and as limpid as one of the clear rapid chalk streams of the South of Hampshire, the turf sloped down gently from the road to the stream, the great chestnut trees spread their branches over it, and just on its smooth margin was a little chapel, with those fresco paintings on its walls which are so constant a remembrance of Italy. Across the stream there was the same green turf and the same chestnut shade, and if you did not lift up your eyes high into the sky, to notice the barrier of insurmountable cliff and mountain which surrounded you on each side, you would have had no other images before you than those of the softest and most delicate repose, and of almost luxurious enjoyment.

August 12, 1829.

5. CHAMPAGNE.—Between Brienne and Arcis the valley was full of villages, and they were large and comfortable looking, almost every cottage having a good garden. These valleys in Champagne are, on a small scale, what Egypt is on a large scale; highly cultivated, and with a crowded population along the streams, because all the country on either side of the valley is an uninhabitable desert. Arcis is a very poor town, and from thence to Chalons it was a country not to be paralleled, I suppose, in civilized Europe, except it be in

Castile in Spain. A waste it was not, for it was all cultivated, but the dreariness of a boundless view all brown and dry, corn-fields either cleared or ready for the harvest, without a tree or a green field, or a house, was exceedingly striking, and Champagne is worth seeing for the very surpassing degree of its ugliness. They are, however, in several places beginning to plant firs, and if this system be followed, the aspect as well as the value of the country will be greatly improved. Chalons, at a distance, looks well; and the green valley and fine stream of the Marne are quite delicious to eyes accustomed to one brown extent of plain or table-land during thirty miles.

VI. TOUR IN NORTH OF ITALY.

Chamberri, July 17, 1830.

1. CONTINENTAL LIBERALISM.—The state of feeling displayed by —, and the rest of the party, filled me with thoughts that might make a volume. It was, I fear, certainly unchristian and ultra-liberal;—looking to war with very little dismay, but anxious to spread everywhere what they considered liberal views, “les Idées du Siècle,” and so intolerant of anything old, that — made it a matter of reproach to our Government that Guernsey and Jersey still retained their old Norman laws. They were strongly Anti-Anglican, regarding England as the great enemy to all improvement all over the world. Now as to mending — and —, that is not our concern; but for ourselves, it did fill me with earnest thoughts of the fearful conflict that must soon take place between the friends and enemies of the old

system of things, and the provoking intermixture of evil in the latter, which makes it impossible to sympathize wholly in their success. I was struck, too, with the total isolation of England from the European world. We are considered like the inhabitants of another planet, feared perhaps, and respected in many points, but not loved, and in no respect understood or sympathized with. And how much is our state the same with regard to the Continent. How little do we seem to know, or to value their feelings,—how little do we appreciate or imitate their intellectual progress. Is it never to be that men shall be at once Christians, and really liberal and wise: and shall the improvement of our social condition always be left to unhallowed hands to effect it? I conclude with the lament of the Persian noble:—*ἰχθίστην ἐδύνη πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδέος κεατέει*; or rather, I should say, it would be *ἰχθίστην ὁδύνη*, did we not believe that there was One in whom infinite wisdom was accompanied with infinite power; and whose will for us is that we should follow after what is good ourselves, but should not wonder or be disappointed if “another take the city, and it be called after his name.” There is a want of moral wisdom among the Continental Liberals, as among their opponents both abroad and at home, which makes one tremble to follow such guides. I gave my Thucydides to ——; would that he could read it and profit by it; for, sad to say, Thucydides seems to me to have been not only a fairer and an abler man, but one of a far sounder moral sense, and deeper principle, than the modern Liberals. Between what a Scylla and Charybdis does the state of society seem to be wavering, the

brute ignorance and coarse commonplace selfishness of the Tories, and the presumption and intellectual fever of the Liberals. “To the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness; but to them who believe, both Jews and Greeks, CHRIST, the power of God, and the wisdom of God,”—*Αμὴν ναὶ ἐξχον Κύριε Ἰησοῦ.*

July 24, 1830.

2. VARESE.—We arrived here, at the Star inn, the post, about a quarter after five, got a hasty dinner, and — and I were in our carriage, or rather in a light cabriolet, hired for the purpose, a little after six, to drive about two miles out, to the foot of the mountain of S. Maria. At the foot of the mountain we began to walk, the road being a sort of paved way round the mountain in great zigzags, and passing by in the ascent about twenty chapels or arches, introductory to the one at the summit. Over the first of these was written, “Her foundations are upon the holy hills;” and other passages of Scripture were written over the succeeding ones. In one of these chapels, looking in through the window, we saw that it was full of waxen figures as large as life, representing the Apostles on the day of Pentecost; and in another there was the sepulchre hewn out of the rock, and the Apostles coming, as on the morning of the Resurrection, “to see the place where Jesus lay.” I confess, these waxen figures seemed to me anything but absurd; from the solemnity of the place altogether, and from the goodness of the execution, I looked on them with no disposition to laugh or to criticise. But what I did not expect was the exceeding depth and richness of the chestnut shade, through which the road

partially ran, only coming out at every turning to the extreme edge of the mountain, and so commanding the view on every side. But when we got to the summit we saw a path leading up to the green edge of a cliff on the mountain above, and we thought if we could get there we should probably see Lugano. Accordingly, on we walked; till just at sunset we got out to the crown of the ridge, the brow of an almost precipitous cliff, looking down on the whole mountain of S. Maria del Monte, which on this side presented nothing but a large mass of rock and cliff, a perfect contrast to the rich wood of its other side. But neither S. Maria del Monte, nor the magnificent view of the plain of Lombardy, one mass of rich verdure, enlivened with its thousand white houses and church towers, were the objects which we most gazed upon. We looked westward full upon the whole range of mountains, behind which, in a cloudless sky, the sun had just descended. It is utterly idle to attempt a description of such a scene. I counted twelve successive mountain outlines between us and the farthest horizon; and the most remote of all, the high peaks of the Alps, were brought out strong and dark in the glowing sky behind them, so that their edge seemed actually to cut it. Immediately below our eyes, plunged into a depth of chestnut forest, varied as usual with meadows and villages, and beyond, embosomed amidst the nearer mountains, lay the Lake of Lugano. As if everything combined to make the scene perfect, the mountain on which we stood was covered, to my utter astonishment, with the Daphne Cneorum, and I found two small pieces in flower to ascertain the fact, although generally it was out of

bloom. We stood gazing on the view and hunting about to find the Daphne in flower, till the shades of darkness were fast rising; then we descended from our height, went down the mountain of S. Maria, refreshing ourselves on the way at one of the delicious fountains which are made beside the road, regained our carriage at the foot of the mountain, and, though we had left our coats and neckcloths at Varese before we started, and were hot through and through with the skirmish, yet the soft air of these summer nights has nothing chilly in it, and we were only a little refreshed by the coolness during our drive home. I now look out on a sky bright with its thousand stars, and have observed a little summer lightning behind the mountains. If any one wishes for the perfection of earthly beauty, he should see such a sunset as we saw this evening from the mountain above S. Maria del Monte.

3. Mule track above the Lake of Como, under the chestnuts,

July 25, 1830. (Third visit.)

3. Como.—Once more, dearest M——, for the third time, seated under these delicious chestnuts, and above this delicious lake, with the blue sky above, and the green lake beneath, and Monte Rosa and the S. Gothard and the Simplon rearing their snowy heads in the distance. It would be a profanation of this place to use it for common journal; I came out here with — partly to enjoy the associations which this lake in a peculiar manner has connected with it to my mind. Last year it did not signify that I was not here, for you were with me; but, with you absent, I should have grieved to have visited Como, and not have come to this sweet

spot. I see no change in the scenery since I was last here in 1827, and I feel very little, if any, in myself. Yet for me, "summer is now ebbing;" since I was here last, I have passed the middle point of man's life, and it is hardly possible that I should be here again without feeling some change. If we were here with our dear children, that itself would be a change, and I hardly expect to be again on this very spot, without having them. But what matters, or rather what should matter, change or no change, so that the decaying body and less vigorous intellect were but accompanied with a more thriving and more hopeful life of the spirit. It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a great gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and indeed not far from every one of us. Might the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as my delight in external beauty, for in a deep sense of moral evil, more perhaps than in anything else, abides a saving knowledge of God! It is not so much to admire moral good; that we may do, and yet not be ourselves conformed to it; but if we really do abhor that which is evil, not the persons in whom evil resides, but the evil which dwelleth in them, and much more manifestly and certainly to our own knowledge, in our own hearts—this is to have the feeling of God and of Christ, and to have our spirit in sympathy with the Spirit of God. Alas! how easy to see this and say it—how hard to do it and to feel it! Who is sufficient for these things? No one, but he who feels and really laments his own insufficiency. God bless you, my

dearest wife, and our beloved children, now and evermore, through Christ Jesus.

July 29, 1830.

4. INFLUENCE OF THE CLERGY.—The Laquais de Place, at Padua, was a good one of his kind, and, finding that his knowledge of French was much less than mine of Italian, if that be possible, we talked wholly in Italian. He said that the taxes now were four times as heavy as under the old Venetian government, or under the French. He himself, when a young man, had volunteered into the republican army, after the overthrow of the Venetian aristocracy in 1797, and had fought at Marengo, where he was wounded. He said they had in Padua a Casa di Ricovero, or asylum for the infirm and infant poor, and here also, he said, relief was given to men in full age and vigour, when they were thrown out of employment. I asked how it was supported. He said, chiefly by bequests; for whenever a man of property died, the priest who attended him never failed to suggest to him that he should leave something to the Casa di Ricovero; and he seemed to think it almost a matter of course that such a recommendation should be attended to. It seems then, that in the improved state of society, the influence of the Catholic clergy is used for purposes of general charity, and not for their own advantage; and who would not wish that our clergy dared to exercise something of the same influence over our higher classes, and could prevent that most unchristian spirit of family selfishness and pride, by which too many wills of our rich men are wholly dictated? But our Church bears, and has ever borne, the marks of her birth.

The child of regal and aristocratical selfishness and unprincipled tyranny, she has never dared to speak boldly to the great, but has contented herself with lecturing the poor. "I will speak of thy testimonies even before kings, and will not be ashamed," is a text which the Anglican Church, as a national institution, seems never to have caught the spirit of. Folly, and worse than folly is it, to think that preaching what are called orthodox doctrines before the great is really preaching to them the Gospel. Unless the particular conclusions which they should derive from those doctrines be impressed upon them; unless they are warned against the particular sins to which they are tempted by their station in society, and urged to the particular duties which their political and social state requires of them, the Gospel will be heard without offence, and *therefore*, one may almost say, without benefit. Of course I do not mean offence at the *manner* in which it is preached, nor offence indeed, at all, in the common sense of the word; but a feeling of soreness that they are touched by what they hear, a feeling which makes the conscience uneasy, because it cannot conceal from itself that its own practice is faulty.

Litsch, August 3, 1839.

5. In the market-place at Meran there is a large statue of the Virgin, to commemorate two deliverances from the French, in 1796, and in 1799, when the enemy on one occasion came as far as Botzen, and on the other as far as Glurns and Eifers. But this is so exactly a thing after the manner of Herodotus, that I must for a few lines borrow his language.

"Εστικε δὲ ἐν μέσῃ τῇ ἀγορῇ ἄγαλμα ξύλινον Ἀθήνης ἀλεξι-
κάνου· ἐστὶ δὲ τὸ ἄγαλμα καὶ γραφῆ καὶ ἔργω εἰκασμένου·
καὶ τῇ μὲν κεφαλῇ τῆς θεοῦ περικέεται στέφανος ἀστέρων, τῇ
δὲ στήλῃ πυλὰ ἐπιγεγράπται, τὴν αἰτίην τοῦ ἀναθήματος
ἀποδεικνύμενα. Ἡν γὰρ ποτὲ μέγας ἀνὰ πάσην, ὡς εἰπεῖν,
Εὐρώπην πόλεμος συχναὶ δὲ ἐγένοντο πολέων ἀναστάσεις, ἐπὶ
δὲ μᾶλλον ἀγρῶν δημόσιες καὶ ἀνθρώπων Φόνοι. Ἐν μὲν ᾧ
τούτῳ τῷ πολέμῳ μέγιστα δὴ πάντων ἔργα ἀπεδέξαντο οἱ Γα-
λάται· καὶ πολὺς ἐπέκειτο πασῆς τῆς περιωκημένης πολίσιν
ὁ ἀπ' αὐτῶν κίνδυνος. Οὗτοι οἱ Γαλάται ἀυτολε-
μοῦν· τοῦ δὲ Ἀυστριάνων βασίλεος τὸ Τιρωλίκον ἔθνος ἦν ὑπήκοον.
Οἱ δὲ Ἀυστριάνοι πολλῆσιν ἥδη μάχησι νικήθεντες, κακῶς
ἐπασχον· καὶ περὶ τῆς ἑαυτῶν ἀρχῆς ἥδη καθίστατο ὁ ἀγών.
Καὶ τῆς μὲν Τιρωλίδος γενναίως ὑπερεμάχοντο οἱ ἐπιχώριοι,
πλήθεις δὲ ὑπερβαλλόμενοι τοὺς Γαλάτας ἐς τὴν χώρην ἐσεδέ-
χοντο. Οὗτοι δὲ τὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ δημόσιαντες ἐς τὴν τῶν Μεράγων
οὐκ ἀφίκοντο, εἴτε συντυχίη τινι, εἴτε τῆς θεοῦ οὕτω διαθείστης.
'Αλλά γε οἱ Μέραγοι ἐς θεῖον τι ἀναφέροντες τὸ πρῆγμα, καὶ οὐ
τύχη μᾶλλον ἡ θεῶν εὐεοίᾳ σωθῆναι τοτὲ ἥγούμενοι, τὸ τε
ἄγαλμα τῇ θεῷ ἀνέθηκαν, καὶ ἵτις τὸ νῦν ἀεὶ, ὡς δι' αὐτὴν
περιγιγνόμενοι, διαφεζόντως τιμῶσι.

August 11, 1830.

6. My dearest M——, this book* ought surely to begin with good omens, as it begins on our wedding day. How much of happiness and of cause for the deepest thankfulness is contained in the recollections of this day; for in the ten years that have elapsed since our marriage, there has been condensed, I suppose, as great a portion of happiness, with as little alloy, as ever

* A new volume of his journal.

marked any ten years of human existence. It is impossible to look back, and to look forwards, without some feelings of awe and apprehension; for the future cannot be more full of earthly happiness than the past, and, in all human probability, must, in one way or another, be less so. Perhaps it is best that it should be; for one cannot help feeling the enormous disproportion between desert and blessing; and though this is not a true feeling, for desert has nothing to do with it, yet the unfitness for blessings is a real and just consideration; a sickly state cannot bear such delicious fare; a constitution that has so much to struggle with should be braced with a harder discipline for the conflict. And yet how vain would any such considerations be to alleviate the actual misery of a change: then nothing could, I think, tend so much to support me as the simple consideration of Christ's example. He pleased not himself, nor entered into his rest till he had gone through the worst extremity of evil. Perhaps, however, the best way of taking such anniversaries as this is, not by speculating on the future, or on how we could bear a change, but by remembering *now*, in our season of happiness, that it is but an earnest of more, if we receive it with true thankfulness, and that, let come what will, all will work to good if, while it is day, we labour to work the work that is set before us. May I remember this; and remember too, that God's work is to believe on Him whom He hath sent; that is, not only to do my earthly business honestly and zealously, but to do it as a Christian, humbly and piously,—not trusting in any degree in myself, but labouring for that strength which is made most perfect in him who feels his own weak-

ness. God bless us both, my dearest M——, and our dearest children, through Christ Jesus.

August, 1830.

7. VISIT TO NIEBUHR AT BONN*.—In person Niebuhr is short, not above five feet six, or seven, I should think, at the outside: his face is thin, and his features rather pointed, his eyes remarkably lively and benevolent. His manner is frank, sensible, and kind, and what Bunsen calls the Teutonic character of benevolence is very predominant about him, yet with nothing of what Jeffrey called, on the other hand, the beer-drinking heaviness of a mere Saxon. He received me very kindly, and we talked in English, which he speaks very well, on a great number of subjects. I was struck with his minute knowledge of the Text and MSS. of Thucydides, and with his earnest hope, several times repeated, that we might never do away with the system of classical education in England.—I told him of —'s nonsense about Guernsey and Jersey, at which he was very much entertained, but said that it did not surprise him. He said that he was now much more inclined to change old institutions than he had been formerly,—but "possibly," said he, "I may see reason in two or three years to go back more to my old views." Yet he anticipated no evil consequences to the peace of Europe, even from a Republic in France, for he thought that all classes of people had derived benefit from experience.

Niebuhr spoke with great admiration of our former great men, Pitt and Fox, &c., and thought that we were

* This account of his visit to Niebuhr, being written in the carriage on the journeys of the subsequent days, was interspersed with remarks on the route, which have been omitted.

degenerated; and he mentioned as a very absurd thing a speech of —, who visited him at Bonn, that if those men were now to come to life, they would be thought nothing of with our present lights in political economy. Niebuhr asked me with much interest about my plans of religious instruction at Rugby, and said that in their Protestant schools the business began daily with the reading and expounding a chapter in the New Testament. He spoke of the Catholics in Prussia, as being very hypocritical, that is, having no belief beyond outward profession. Bunsen, he said, was going to publish a collection of German hymns for the Church service. Their literature is very rich in hymns in point of quantity, no fewer than 36,000, and out of these Bunsen is going to collect the best. Niebuhr's tone on these matters quite satisfied me, and made me feel sure that all was right. He spoke with great admiration of Wordsworth's poetry. He often protested that he was no revolutionist, but he said, though he would have given a portion of his fortune that Charles X. should have governed constitutionally, and so remained on the throne, "yet," said he, "after what took place, I would myself have joined the people in Paris, that is to say, I would have given them my advice and direction, for I do not know that I should have done much good with a musket."—Niebuhr spoke of Mr. Pitt, that to his positive knowledge, from unpublished State Papers, which he had seen, Pitt had remonstrated most warmly against the coalition at Pilnitz, and had been unwillingly drawn into the war to gratify George III.—My account of Niebuhr's conversation has been sadly broken, and I am afraid I

cannot recollect all that I wish to recollect. He said that he once owed his life to Louis Bonaparte, who interceded with Napoleon when he was going to have Niebuhr shot; and promised Niebuhr that, if he could not persuade his brother, he would get him twenty-four hours' notice, and furnish him with the means of escaping to England. After this Niebuhr met Louis at Rome, and he said that he did not well know how to address him; but he thought that the service which he had received from him might well excuse him for addressing him as "Sire." He asked me into the drawing-room to drink tea, and introduced me to his wife. Niebuhr's children also were in the room, four girls and a boy, with a young lady, who, I believe, was their governess. They struck me as very nice mannered children, and it was very delightful to see Niebuhr's affectionate manner to them and to his wife. While we were at tea, there came in a young man with the intelligence that the Duke of Orleans had been proclaimed king, and Niebuhr's joy at the news was quite enthusiastic. He had said before, that in the present state of society, a Republic was not to his taste, and that he earnestly hoped that there would be no attempt to revive it in France. He went home with me to my inn, and when I told him what pleasure it would give me to see any of his friends in England, he said that there was a friend of his, a nobleman, who was thinking of sending his son to be educated in England. The father and mother, he said, were pious and excellent people, and devoted to the improvement of their tenantry in every respect, and they wished their son to be brought up in the same views. And Niebuhr said that

if this young man came to England, he should be very happy to avail himself of my offer. And he expressed his hope that you and I might be at Bonn again some day together, and that he might receive us under his own roof. He expressed repeatedly his great affection for England, saying that his father had accustomed him from a boy to read the English newspapers, in order that he might early learn the opinions and feelings of Englishmen. On the whole, I was most delighted with my visit, and thought it altogether a great contrast to the fever and excitement of —. The moral superiority of the German character in this instance was very striking: at the same time I owe it to the French to say, that now that I have learnt the whole story of the late revolution, I am quite satisfied of the justice of their cause, and delighted with the heroic and admirable manner in which they have conducted themselves. How different from even the beginning of the first revolution, and how satisfactory to find that in this instance the lesson of experience seems not to have been thrown away.

AUGUST, 1830.

8. GERMANY, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.—The aspect of Germany is certainly far more pleasing than that of France, and the people more comfortable. I cannot tell whether it really is so, but I cannot but wonder at Guizot placing France at the head of European civilization: he means because it is superior to Germany in social civilization, and to England in producing more advanced and enlarged individual minds. Many Englishmen will sneer at this notion, but I think it is to a certain degree well founded, and that

our intellectual eminence in modern times by no means keeps pace with our advances in all the comforts and effectiveness of society. And I have no doubt that our miserable system of education has a great deal to do with it. I maintain that our historians ought to be twice as good as those of any other nation, because our social civilization is perfect. Then, again, our habits of active life give our minds an enormous advantage, if we would work; but we do not, and therefore the history of our own country is at this day a thing to be done, as well as the histories of Greece and Rome. Foreigners say that our insular situation cramps and narrows our minds; and this is not mere nonsense either. If we were not physically a very active people, our disunion from the Continent would make us pretty nearly as bad as the Chinese. As it is, we are so distinct in habits and in feelings, owing originally in great measure to our insular situation, that I remember observing in 1815, that the English stood alone amidst all the nations assembled at Paris, and that even our fellow subjects, the Hanoverians, could understand and sympathize with the French better than with us. Now it is very true that by our distinctness we have gained very much,—more than foreigners can understand. A thorough English gentleman,—Christian, manly, and enlightened,—is more, I believe, than Guizot or Sismondi could comprehend; it is a finer specimen of human nature than any other country, I believe, could furnish. Still it is not a perfect specimen by a great deal; and therefore it will not do to contemplate ourselves only, or, contenting ourselves with saying that we are better than others, scorn to

amend our institutions by comparing them with those of other nations. Our travellers and our exquisites imitate the outside of foreign customs without discrimination, just as in the absurd fashion of not eating fish with a knife, borrowed from the French, who do it because they have no knives fit to use. But monkeyish imitation will do no good; what is wanted is a deep knowledge and sympathy with the European character and institutions, and then there would be a hope that we might each impart to the other that in which we are superior.

VII. TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

July, 1831.

1. I was at Church (at Greenock) twice on Sunday, once at the Presbyterian Church, and once at the Episcopal Chapel. My impressions, received five years ago, were again renewed and strengthened as to the merits of the Presbyterian Church and our own. The singing is to me delightful,—I do not mean the music, but the heartiness with which all the congregation join in it. And I exceedingly like the local and particular prayers and addresses which the freedom of their services allows the minister to use. On the other hand, the people should be protected from the tediousness or dulness of their minister; and that is admirably effected by a Liturgy, and especially by such a Liturgy as ours. As to the repetitions in our Service, they arise chiefly from [the*] folly in joining two Services into one; but the repetition of the Lord's Prayer I can hardly think objectionable; not that I

* An historical mistake has been here corrected.—A. P. S.

would contend for it, but neither would I complain of it. Some freedom in the Service the minister certainly should have; some power of insertion to suit the particular time and place; some power of explaining on the spot whatever is read from the Scriptures, which may require explanation, or at any rate of stating the context. It does seem to me that the reforms required in our Liturgy and Service are so obvious, and so little affect the system itself, that their long omission is doubly blamable. But more remains behind, and of far greater difficulty:—to make the church at once popular and dignified,—to give the people their just share in its government, without introducing a democratical spirit,—to give the Clergy a thorough sympathy with their flocks, without altogether lowering their rank and tone. When Wesley said to his ministers, that they had no more to do with being gentlemen than with being dancing-masters, *τὸ μὲν ὅφθατος εἰπει, τὸ δὲ ἡμαρτεῖν*. In Christ's communication with His Apostles there is always a marked dignity and delicacy, a total absence of all that coarseness and vulgarity into which Wesley's doctrine would infallibly lead us. Yet even in Christ, the Lord and Master of His Disciples, there is a sympathy, which is a very different thing from condescension, a spirit of unaffected kindness and, I had almost said, of sociability, which the spirit of gentlemanliness has doubtless greatly dulled in the Church of England. “I have called you friends,” is a text which applies to the Christian minister in his dealings with his brethren and equals, in an infinitely stronger degree than it could do to Him, who was our Lord and Master, and whose calling us brethren was

not of nature, but out of the condescension of His infinite love. And he who shall thus far keep and thus far get rid of the spirit of gentlemanliness, would go near to make the Church of England all but perfect, no less in its popularity than in its real deserving of popularity, *καὶ περὶ μὲν τούτων εἰρήσθω ἐπὶ τοσοῦτο, ἔνεμος δὲ ἐπὶ τὸν ἄνω λόγον.*

July, 1831.

2. Again (at Glasgow) the Scotch minister's sermon struck me as addressed more ad clerum than ad populum; and again more than ever I felt the superiority of our service. I cannot say how doubly welcome and impressive I thought the Lord's Prayer, when the minister (to my surprise by the way) used it before the sermon. Nothing, it seems to me, can be worse than the introductory prayers of the Scotch Service, to judge from what I have hitherto heard: the intercessory prayer after the sermon is far simpler, and there the discretion given to the minister is often happily used. But altogether, taking their Service as it is, and ours as it is, I would far rather have our own; how much more, therefore, with the slight improvements which we so easily might introduce—if only—But even to the eleventh hour we will not reform, and therefore we shall be not, I fear, reformed, but rudely mangled or overthrown by men as ignorant in their correction of abuses as some of us are in their maintenance of them. Periodical visitations of extreme severity have visited the Church and the world at different times, but to no human being is it given to anticipate which will be the final one of all. Only the

lesson in all of them is the same. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" And in each of these successive "comings" of our Lord, how little is the faith which He has found even among His professed followers! May He increase this faith in me, and those who are dearest to me, ere it be too late for ever!

VIII. TOUR IN FRANCE.

Dover, August 11, 1837.

1. Twenty and twenty-two years ago I was backwards and forwards at this place, being then a young man with no wife or children, but with a mother whose house was my home, with a brother, aunt and sisters. Ten, eight, and seven years ago, I used to be also passing often through here; I had then lost my dear brother, and latterly my dearest mother, and I had a wife and children; I had also a sister living here with her husband and children. Now, after another period of seven years, I am here once more; with no mother or aunt, with no remains left of my early home; my sister who did live here has lost her husband, and now lives at Rugby; but I have not only my dearest wife with me, but—a more advanced stage of life—three dear children are with us, and their pens are all busy with their journals, like their mother's and mine. So Dover marks very strikingly the several periods of my life, and shows me how large a portion of my space here I have already gone through.

Then for the world at large. When I first came here, it was so soon after Napoleon's downfall, that

I remember hearing from one of the passengers in the packet the first tidings of Labedoyere's execution. At my second and third visits, the British army still occupied the north of France. My second period of coming here, from 1825 to 1830, marked the last period of the old Bourbon reign in France, and the old Tory reign in England. When I first landed here, it was in the brief interval between the French and Belgian Revolutions: it was just after the triumphant election of 1830 in England, which overthrew the ministry of the Duke of Wellington, and led to the Reform Bill. And now we seem to be witnessing the revival of Toryism in England, perhaps of the old Bourbon principles in part of France. The tide is turned, and will advance no higher till the next flood; let us only hope that its ebb will not be violent; and in the meanwhile our neighbours have got rid of the white flag, and we have got rid of the rotten boroughs of Schedule A. This is a clear gain; it is a question whether the positive good which either of us have gained, is equal to the positive evil which we have destroyed; but still in the course of this world, Secva the destroyer is ever needed, and in our imperfect state, the very deliverance from evil is a gratification and a good.

On Saturday last we were at our delicious Westmoreland home, at that dear Fox How which I love beyond all other spots of ground in the world, and expatiating on the summit of our familiar Fairfield. There on a cloudless sky we were beholding the noble outline of all our favourite mountains; the Old Man, Wetherlam, Bow Fell, Scaw Fell, Great Gable, tho

Langdale Pikes, the Pillar, Grassmoor, Helvellyn, Place Fell, High Street, Hill Bell; there we saw Ulleswater and Coniston, and our own Winandermere, and there too we looked over a wide expanse of sea of the channel which divides England from Ireland. On Tuesday last we were at our dear Rugby home; seeing the long line of our battlements and our well-known towers backed by the huge elms of the school-field, which far overtopped them; and looking on the deep shade which those same elms, with their advanced guard of smaller trees and shrubs, were throwing over the turf of our quiet garden. And now, on Friday morning, we are at an inn at Dover, looking out on the castle and white cliffs which are so linked with a thousand recollections; beholding the sea, which is the highway from all the life of England to all the life of Europe, and beyond there stretches out the dim line of darker shadow which we know to be the very land of France.

And besides, in this last week, I have been at an Election; one of those great occasions of good or evil which are so largely ministered to Englishmen; an opportunity for so much energy, for so much rising beyond the mere selfishness of domestic interests, and the narrowness of mere individual or local pursuits; but an opportunity also for every base and bad passion; for corruption, for fear, for tyranny, for malignity. Such is an election, and such is all human life; and those who rail against these double-handed appointments of God, because they have an evil handle as well as a good*, may desire the life of the Seven

* "The Epicureans," he said, "did not meddle with politics, that they might be as quiet as possible from the strife of tongues. There

Sleepers, for then only can opportunities of evil be taken from us, when we lose also all opportunity of doing or of becoming good. However, even as an occasion of evil, there is no doubt that our elections are like an inoculating for a disorder, and so mitigating; the party spirit and the feuds which now spend themselves in bloodless contests, would, if these were away, find a far more deadly vent; they solve that great problem how to excite a safe and regulated political activity.

We also in the course of the week have been travelling on the great railway from Manchester to Birmingham. The distance is ninety-five miles, which we accomplished in five hours. Nothing can be more delightful, as well as more convenient. It was very beautiful too, to be taken, as it were, into the deepest retirement of the country, surprising lone farm-houses and outlying copses with the rapid darting by of a hundred passengers, yet leaving their quiet unbroken; for no houses have as yet gathered on the line of the railway, and no miscellaneous passers at all times of the day and night, serve to keep it ever in public. Only at intervals, four or five times a day, there rushes by the long train of carriages, and then all is as quiet as before.

We also passed through London, with which I was once so familiar; and which now I almost gaze at with the wonder of a stranger. That enormous city, grand beyond all other earthly grandeur, sublime with the sublimity of the sea or of mountains, is yet a place that are good people who do this now, remaining in willing ignorance of what is going on. But the mischief is, they cannot set their passions to sleep as they can their understanding; and when they do come to interfere, they are violent and prejudiced in proportion to their ignorance. Such men, to be consistent, should live like Simon Stylites."

I should be most sorry to call my home. In fact its greatness repels the notion of home; it may be a palace, but it cannot be a home. How different from the mingled greatness and sweetness of our mountain valleys; and yet he who were strong in body and mind ought to desire rather, if he must do one, to spend all his life in London, than all his life in Westmoreland. For not yet can energy and rest be united in one, and this is not our time and place for rest, but for energy.

Chartres, August, 1837.

2. : Chartres was a very fine termination of our tour. We stopped at the Hotel du Grand Monarque, on an open* space just at the outside of the town, and from thence immediately made our way to the Cathedral. The high tower, so celebrated all over France, is indeed remarkably beautiful; but the whole church far surpassed my expectations. The portails of both transepts are rich in figures as large as life, like the great portail at Rheims; the rose windows over them are very rich, and the windows all over the church are most rich in painted glass. The size is great, a very essential element, I think, in the merits of a cathedral, and all the back of the choir was adorned with groups of figures in very high relief, which had an extremely fine effect. These are all the proper and perpetual beauties of Chartres Cathedral; but we happened to see it on the Festival of the Assumption, when the whole church was full of people in every part, when the service was going on in the choir, and the whole building was ringing with the peals of the organ, and with the voices of the numerous

congregation. Unchristian as was the service, so that one could have no sympathy with it in itself, yet it was delightful to contrast the crowded state of the huge building,—nave, transepts, and aisles, all swarming with people, and the sharing of all in the service,—with the nakedness of our own cathedrals, where all, except the choir, is now merely a monument of architecture. There is no more provoking confusion to my mind, than that which is often made between the magnificence and beauty of the Romish Church and its superstitions. No one abhors more than I do the essence of Popery, *i. e.* Priestcraft; or the setting up a quantity of human mediators, interpreters, between God and man. But this is retained by those false Protestants who call themselves High Churchmen; while they have sacrificed of Popery only its better and more popular parts; its beauty and its impressiveness. On the other hand, the Puritans and Evangelicals, whilst they disclaim Popery, undervalue the authority and power of the *Church*, not of the Clergy, and have a bibliolatry, especially towards the Old Testament, quite as foolish and as mischievous as the superstition of the Catholics. The open churches, the varied services, the beautiful solemnities, the processions, the Calvaries, the crucifixes, the appeals to the eye and ear through which the heart is reached most effectually, have no natural connexion with superstition. People forget that Christian worship is in its essence spiritual,—that is, it depends for its efficacy on no circumstances of time or place or form,—but that Christianity itself has given us the best helps towards making our worship spiritual to us, that is, sincere and lively, by

the visible images and signs which it has given us of God and of heavenly things; namely, the Person of the Man Christ Jesus, and the Sacraments*.

To forbear, therefore, from all use of the Humanity of Christ, as an aid to our approaching in heart to the Invisible Father, is surely to forfeit one of the merciful purposes of the Incarnation, and to fall a little into that one great extreme of error, the notion that man can either in his understanding, or in his heart, approach to the Eternal and Invisible God, without the aid of a *μεσίτης* or "interpres;" (the English word, "Mediator," has become so limited in its sense, that it does not reach to the whole extent of the case,) we want not an interpreter only, but a medium of communication,—some middle point, in which the intelligible

* "The true use of Scripture is that it is a direct guide so far forth as we are circumstanced exactly like the persons to whom it was originally addressed; that where the differences are great, there it is a guide by analogy; *i. e.* if so and so was the duty of men so circumstanced, therefore, so and so is the duty of men circumstanced thus otherwise; and that thus we shall keep the spirit of God's revelation, even whilst utterly disregarding the letter, when the circumstances are totally different. For example, the second commandment is in the letter utterly done away with by the fact of the Incarnation. To refuse then the benefit which we might derive from the frequent use of the crucifix under pretence of the Second Commandment is a folly, because God has sanctioned one conceivable similitude of himself when He declared Himself in the person of Christ. The spirit of the commandment, not to think unworthily of the Divine nature, nor to lower it after our own devices, is violated by all unscriptural notions of God's attributes and dealings with men, such as we see and hear broached daily, and, though in a less important degree, by those representations of God the Father which one sees in Catholic pictures, and by the foolish way in which people allow themselves to talk about God the Holy Ghost, *as of a dove*."—*Extract from Letters, 1831. Life, p. 213.*

may unite with the perfections of the unintelligible, and so may prepare us hereafter to understand Him who is now unintelligible.

I think that this is important, for many reasons, both as regards Popery and our Pseudo-Popery, and Evangelicalism and Unitarianism. The errors of all four seem to flow out of a confusion as to the great truth of our need of a *messias*, and of the various ways in which Christ is our One *messias*, and that with infinite perfectness.

IX. TOUR IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

Paris, July 14, 1839.

1. But really, when we went out on these leads, and looked down on the whole mass of the trees of the Tuilleries' garden, forming a luxuriant green bed below us, and saw over them the gilded dome of the Invalids, and the mass of the Tuilleries, and the rows of orange trees, and the people sitting at their ease amongst them, and the line of the street not vanishing, as in London, in a thick cloud of smoke or fog, but with the white houses as far as the eye could reach distinct on the sky,—and that sky just in the western line of the street, one blaze of gold from the setting sun,—not a weak watery sun, but one so mighty that his setting was like the death of a Cæsar or a Napoleon,—of one mighty for good and for evil,—of one to be worshipped by ignorant men, either as God or Demon,—one hardly knew whether to rejoice or to grieve at his departure;—when we saw all this, we could not but feel that Paris is full of the most poetical beauty.

Cosne, July 10, 1839.

2. The wide landscape under this bright sky looks more than joyous, and the sun in his unobstructed course is truly giant-like. Here one can understand how men came to worship the sun, and to depict him with all images of power and of beauty,—armed with his resistless arrows, yet the source of life and light. And yet feeling, as none can feel more strongly, the evils of the state of England, yet one cannot but see also, that the English are a greater people than these,—more like, that is, one of the chosen people of history, who are appointed to do a great work for mankind. We are over bustling, but there is less activity here, without more repose. But however, “it is not expedient, doubtless;” and have not we failed to improve the wonderful talents which have been given to us?

Arles, July 20, 1832.

3. AVIGNON.—We have just been walking round this town, after having first been down to the Rhone, and had a bathe in him, which, as we had seen so much of him, was, I thought, only a proper compliment to him. But I ought to go back in order, dearest M—, to the Pope's palace at Avignon, only this heat makes me lazy. There was an old porter who opened to us the first gate, and led us into an enormous court full of soldiers, for it is now used as a barrack; then he opened a door into a long gallery,—perhaps 100 feet long,—through which we were to pass. The rooms beyond were scenes not to be forgotten:—prisons where unhappy men had engraved their names on the stones, and mottoes, mostly from Scripture, expressing

their patience and their hope. One man had carved simply our Lord's name, as if it gave him a comfort to write it; there was I. H. S., and nothing more. Some of these dens had been the torture-rooms, and one was so contrived in the roof and walls as to deaden all sound; while in another there was a huge stone trough, in which the question "à l'eau bouillante" used to be put; and in yet another the roof was still blackened by the fires in which the victims had been burnt alive. One of these same rooms, long since disused by the Inquisition, had been chosen as the prison and scene of the murder of the victims of the aristocratical party in the massacre in 1790; and in it there was a sort of trap-door, through which the bodies were thrown down into the lowest room of the tower, which was then used as an ice-house. And the walls of the intermediate room were visibly streaked with the blood of those who were so thrown down after they had been massacred*.

July, 1839.

4. We are now between the Lion d'Or and Salon, on the famous Plaine de Crau, or Plain of

* "Provence far surpassed my expectations; the Roman remains at Arles are magnificent; and the prisons in the Pope's Palace, at Avignon, were one of the most striking things I ever saw in my life. In the selfsame dungeon the roof was still black with the smoke of the Inquisition fires, in which men were tortured or burnt; and, as you looked down a trap-door into an apartment below, the walls were still marked with the blood of the victims whom Jourdan Coupe Tête threw down there into the ice-house below in the famous massacre of 1791. It was very awful to see such traces of the two great opposite forms of all human wickedness, which I know not how to describe better than by calling them Priestcraft and Benthamism, or, if you like, White and Red Jacobinism."—*Life and Letters*, p. 483.

Stones, one vast mass of pebbles, which cover the country for several leagues, and reduce it to utter barrenness. We are now in the midst of this plain of stones, utter desolation on every side, the magnificent line of the Alpines, as they are called, or Provence mountains, stretching on our left; and on our right, close along by the roadside, runs, full and fresh and lively, a stream of water, one of the channels of irrigation brought from the Durance, and truly giving life to the thirsty land. "He maketh the wilderness a running water," might be said truly of this life in the midst of death. Here are two houses just built by the roadside, and opposite to them a little patch of ground just verdured, surrounded by a little belt of cypresses and willows; now, again, all is desolate,—all but the living stream on our right, and some sheep wandering on the left amidst the stones, and living one sees not how. The sun has just set over this vast plain, just as at sea. Reeds and yellow thistles fringe the stream.

Salon, July 20, 1839.

We have stopped here on our way to Marseilles from Arles, and I really never saw anything more romantic than it is. There are tall trees, one very fine plane amongst them in the middle of the street, and under their shade is a fountain playing, which makes a perpetual music—up above is the cloudless sky, and the almost full moon, and below, in full activity, is the population of Salon. They crowded round the carriage, as there was some difficulty in getting open the boot, and I could have fancied myself in Spain to see their dark faces and eyes, their grave manner,

their white felt hats, worn alike by man and boy, and to hear their Provençal language, which sounds more like Spanish than French, and is indeed quite as like one as the other, and the old fille of the inn might pass for Spanish anywhere. But what a difference is made by good laws and regular government; here all is peace and civility, while on the other side of the Pyrenees all is blood and hatred. The bed-rooms here are French enough, but I suspect that there would be many things thoroughly Spanish if I were to pry into the mysteries of the kitchen and back settlements.

Left Salon 5.40. I am so glad we did not go on last night, dearest, for we should have lost a great deal. Salon is at the end of the Plain of Stones overhung by the rocky hills in tiers of cliff, but no longer bare, but covered with olives and mulberries. We made our way up to the top of these hills, and opened on a view of a character such as I had never seen. It was the French picture in point of breadth and richness, set in an Italian frame-work of mountains, and with the details, as to the buildings which are scattered over the valley and the profusion of olives and mulberries, very much as I imagine like Spain.

Point above St. Cergues, August 2, 1839.

5. I am come out alone, my dearest, to this spot,—the point almost of our own view, to see the morning sun on Mont Blanc and on the Lake, and to look with more, I trust, than outward eyes on this glorious scene. It is overpowering, like all other intense beauty, if you dwell upon it; but I contrast it

immediately with our Rugby horizon, and our life of duty there, and our cloudy sky of England—clouded socially, alas! far more darkly than physically. But, beautiful as this is, and peaceful, may I never breathe a wish to retire hither, even with you and our darlings, if it were possible; but may I be strengthened to labour, and to do and to suffer in our own beloved country and Church, and to give my life, if so called upon, for Christ's cause and for them. And if—as I trust it will—this rambling and this beauty of nature in foreign lands, shall have strengthened me for my work at home, then we may both rejoice that we have had this little parting. And now I turn away from the Alps, and from the south, and may God speed us to one another, and bless us and ours, in Him and in His Son, now and for ever.

August 4, 1839.

6. It is curious to observe how nations run a similar course with each other. We are now on a new road, made by some private speculators, with a toll on it, and they laud it much as a great improvement. And such it is really: yet it is quite like "Bit and Bit,"* at Whitemoss, for it goes over a lower part of the hill, instead of keeping the valley; so that forty years hence we may have "Radical Reform" in the shape of a road quite in the valley; and then come railroads by steam, and then perhaps railroads by air or some other farther improvement. And "quis finis?" That we cannot

* Playful names which he gave to two roads between Rydal and Grasmere.

tell; and we have great need, I know, to strengthen our moral legs, seeing that our physical legs are getting such great furtherances to their speed. But still do not check either*, but advance both; for though one may advance without the other, yet one cannot be checked without the other; because to check the development of any of our powers, *δυνάμεις*, is in itself sinful.

Calais, August 7, 1839.

7. FRANCE.—Of the mere face of the country, I have spoken enough already, and I am quite sure that English travellers do it great injustice. I see a great deal of travelling, particularly in the south, a great number of diligences, and a very active steam navigation on the Rhone, both up and down. The new suspension bridges thrown over the Rhone, at almost every town from Lyons to Avignon, are a certain evidence of a stir amongst the people; and there is also a railway from Lyons to St. Etienne, and from Roanne to Lyons. I see crosses and crucifixes,—some new,—set up by the roadside, and treated with no disrespect; but I think I see, also, a remarkable distinctness here between the nation and the Church, as if it by no means followed that a Frenchman was to be a Christian. I saw this morning “Ecole Chré-

* The delight with which, from such associations as these, he regarded even the unsightliness of the great Birmingham Railway, when it was brought to Rugby, was very characteristic of him.—“I rejoice to see it,” he said, as he stood on one of its arches, and watched the train pass on through the distant hedgerows,—“I rejoice to see it, and think that feudalism is gone for ever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct. Bunyan thought that the giant Pope was disabled for ever,—and how greatly was he mistaken.”

tienne" stuck up in Aire, which implied much too clearly that there might be "Ecoles non Chrétiennes." And this I have seen in French literature: religious men are spoken of as acting according to the principles of Christianity, just as if those principles were something peculiar, and by no means acknowledged by Frenchmen in general. I see again a state of property which does appear to me an incalculable blessing. I see a fusion of ranks, which may be an equal blessing.—I do not know whether it is. Well-dressed men appear talking familiarly with persons of what we should call decidedly the lower classes*. Now, if this shows that the poorer man is raised in mind to the level of the richer, it is a blessing of the highest order; if it shows that the richer man has fallen to the level of the poorer, then I am not so sure that it is a blessing. But I have no right to say that it is so, because I do not know it; only we see few here whose looks and manners are what we should call those of a thorough gentleman; and though I do not believe that I am an aristocrat, yet I should grieve beyond measure if our standard either of morals or of manners were to be lowered. Unquestionably to English eyes the women look far more ladylike than the men look like

* "If there is any one truth after the highest for which I would die at the stake," was one of his short emphatic sayings, "it would be Democracy without Jacobinism." Believing that the natural progress of society was towards greater equality, he had also great confidence in the natural instincts implanted in man—reverence for authority, and resistance to change—as checks on what he considered a Jacobinical disregard of existing ties or ancient institutions. "What an instructive work," he said, "might be written on God's safeguards against Democracy, as distinguished from man's safeguards against it."

gentlemen: I speak only of the *look*, for a hasty traveller cannot judge farther. We have, I think, what *France has not*; -- as she has in her large population of proprietors, what we have not. But it seems to me that according to the ordinary laws of God's Providence, the state of France is more hopeful for the future, that society in its main points is more stable, and that time being thus gained, religious and moral truth will or may work their way, whenever it shall please God to prepare His instruments for the work. Whereas, in England, what moral power, without a direct and manifest interposition of God, can overcome the physical difficulties of our state of population and property? And if Old England perish as Old France perished in the first Revolution, let no man hope to see, even at an equal cost of immediate crime and misery, a New England spring up in its room, such as New France now is. If Old England perish, there perishes, not a mere accursed thing, such as was the system of Old France, which had died inwardly to all good long before the axe was laid to its root:—but there perishes the most active and noble life which the world has ever yet seen,—which is made up wholesomely of past and present, so that the centuries of English History are truly “bound each to each by natural piety.” Now to destroy so great a life must be an utterly unblessed thing, from which there can come only evil. And would England, with her dense manufacturing and labouring population,—with her narrow limits,—and her intense activity, ever be brought into a state like that of agricultural France, with her peasant proprietors? No tongue or thought of man

could imagine the evil of a destruction of our present system in England; wherefore may God give us His spirit of wisdom and power and goodness, to mould it into as happy accordance with the future as it is already with the past: to teach the life that is in it to communicate itself to the dead elements around it, for unless they are taken into the living body, and partake of its life, they will inevitably make it partake of their death. And now may God grant that I may be restored safely to that England to-morrow, and that I may labour to promote her good. “O, pray for the peace of Jerusalem—peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.”

Adieu, dearest wife, and may God bless us both now and ever!

X. TOUR* TO ROME AND NAPLES THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, 1840.

June 22, 1840.

1. ORLEANS.—Here we are at last in a place which I have so long wanted to see. It stands quite in a flat on the north or right bank of the Loire. One great street under two names, divided by the Square or Place of Martray, from north to south,—from the barrier on the Paris road to the river. We have now been out to see the town, or at least the cathedral, and the bridge over the Loire. The former is by far the finest Gothic

* The passages marked as quotations have been inserted from the memoranda of conversations kept by a former pupil, who accompanied him and his wife on the greater part of this tour. Most of these being, like the Journal, connected more or less with the localities of the journey, would not, it was thought, be out of place here.

building of the seventeenth century which I ever saw; the end of the choir is truly magnificent, and so is the exterior, and its size is great. We then drove to the bridge, a vast fabric over this wide river,—the river disfigured by sand-banks, as at Cosne, but still always fine, and many vessels lying under the quays for the river navigation.

“The siege of Orleans is one of the turning points in the history of nations. Had the English dominion in France been established, no man can tell what might have been the consequence to England, which would probably have become an appendage to France. So little does the prosperity of a people depend upon success in war, that two of the greatest defeats we ever had, have been two of our greatest blessings, Orleans and Bannockburn. It is curious, too, that in Edward II.’s reign, the victory over the Irish proved our curse, as our defeat by the Scots turned out a blessing. Had the Irish remained independent, they might afterwards have been united to us, as Scotland was; and had Scotland been reduced to subjection, it would have been another curse to us like Ireland.”*

June 24, 1840.

2. Now for Bourges a little more. In the crypt is a Calvary, and figures as large as life representing the burying of our Lord. The woman, who showed us the crypt, had her little girl with her; and she lifted up the child, about three years old, to kiss the feet of our Lord. Is this idolatry? Nay,

* “Bannockburn,” he used to say, “ought to be celebrated by Englishmen as a national festival, and Athurree lamented as a national judgment.”

verily, it may be so, but it need not be, and assuredly is in itself right and natural. I confess I rather envied the child. It is idolatry to talk about Holy Church and Holy Fathers—bowing down to fallible and sinful men;—not to bend knee, lip, and heart, to every thought* and every image of Him our manifested God.

June 25, 1840.

Left Montluçon, and were well out of the town, 6.14, June 25th. A lovely morning in this lovely country. τῶν δὲ ἐπιχωρίων ἡ ἐσθῆς τοιαδὲ τις ἐστὶ τὰς μὲν ἀναξυρίδας καὶ τοὺς χιτῶνας φοροῦσιν εἰρηναῖς, καὶ τὸ αὐτὸ ἔχοντας χεῦμα, κυάνεον βεβαμένους τὰς δέ κυνέας ὑπερμεγέθεις τε καὶ Κυκλοτέρεις, τὴν παξωροφίνην ὡς εἰπεῖν, λέγω δὲ τὸ ὑπὲρ τὰς ὄφεις ἔχον, ἔχοντας εὐέντατην. We are now turning off eastwards, to leave this lovely valley of the Cher, stealing up one of its feeders towards Neris. On our left is the outer wall of the main valley, bare schistous hills, with very slight ravines; on our right is an *ὑπάξεια*, the boundary of our immediate valley. We passed a lovely scene just now; the bottom of a small combe, with fine oaks above on each slope, and haymaking, or rather mowing, going on busily between. The combe was so narrow that the trees on each side seemed to overshadow all of it. The geology I do not make out: I see granitic pebbles, but what the hills themselves are, I do not know. I think that it is the grit of the coal, and the Neris waters, I suppose, are like Harrowgate. We have passed through Neris without stopping, on our way to Montaign, and are now on a table-land between

* See this more fully developed in *Essay on Interpretation of Scripture*, Serm. vol. ii., and note to Serm. II., in vol. iii.

the valley of the Cher, and that of his feeder, the Aumance, which we crossed yesterday at Meaulac. Then from the same ridge we looked down upon both streams, but now there is a table-land of some miles between them. It is a country of hedges and hedge-row trees, with scattered houses, very quiet and peaceful, but, of course, being table-land, not beautiful. But as we entered Neris up a long hill overhanging the feeder of the Cher, or looking down the valley upon Montluçon, and the wide landscape beyond, it was most beautiful. Now we are descending into the valley of the Aumance, or rather of his feeders; a perfectly English country, like that between Coleshill and Litchfield; woods, hedges, hedgerow trees, corn, pasture, and a valley not wider than in England, which makes the resemblance. Arrived at Montaign, 9.55. Left it at 10.2. We are now descending to Bonble, a feeder of the Allier. The country most beautiful, not mountainous, but of the best sort of hill and valley. The woods are fine, and the scattered oaks in the combes and everywhere are most picturesque. Here we cross the Bonble at S. Elvy to ascend through a forest of fine trees on the other hill side. We have just caught a view of the Puy de Dome, Mont d'Or, &c., and are going to descend into the valley of the Sioule at Menat.—We have crossed the Sioule and are ascending: but I was not in the least prepared for the sort of scenery. The descent was through a narrow rocky valley, after having swept round the sides of the hills in an extremely good line. The hills here are just like those on the Rhine, the same slate, but much finer, because here the valleys being narrow, the height is somewhat in proportion.

They have made a beautiful new bridge of two high arches over the Sioule, and are everywhere improving the line of road, another proof of the progress which France is making, certainly, in physical prosperity—I hope and believe, also, in moral. This is Auvergne, the kernel, as it were, of France; but the language hitherto is quite intelligible to me, and the costume does not seem to have changed from that of Bourbonnais. Oxen are used for draught, and on these hills there is of course not much corn, and no vines, but there is a good deal of beech wood on the higher points, at least on the side by which we descended. Right before us now, on an opposite hill, is a ruined castle, one of those dens of Cacus happily laid open to the day and untenanted; for no Jacobinism was ever so detestable as that of the feudal aristocracy, where every man derived his dominion from his own power, and used it for his own purposes. I dislike Jacobinical liberty, how much more, then, Jacobinical oppression.

3. “It is absurd to extol one age at the expense of another, since each has its good* and its bad. There

* He used frequently to dwell on this essentially mixed character of all human things; as, for example, in his principle of the application of Prophecy to human events or persons: so, too, his characteristic dislike of Milton’s representation of Satan. “By giving a human likeness, and representing him as a bad man, you necessarily get some images of what is good as well as of what is bad; for no living man is entirely evil. Even banditti have some generous qualities; whereas the representation of the Devil should be purely and entirely evil, without a tinge of good, as that of God should be purely and entirely good, without a tinge of evil; and you can no more get the one than the other from anything human. With the heathen it

was greater genius in ancient times, but art and science come late. But in one respect it is to be feared we have degenerated—what Tacitus so beautifully expresses, after telling a story of a man who, in the civil war in Vespasian's time, had killed his own brother, and received a reward for it; and then relates that the same thing happened before in the civil war of Sylla and Marius, and the man when he found it out killed himself from remorse; and then he adds, ‘tanto major apud antiquos ut virtutibus gloria, ita *flagitiis pani-tentia* erat.’ The deep remorse for crime is less in advanced civilization. There is more of sympathy with suffering of all kinds, but less abhorrence of what is admitted to be crime.”

June, 1840.

4. MEDITERRANEAN.—On board the Sardinian steamer, the Janus, in Marselles Harbour, July 2nd, and this moment in movement, by my watch, at 1.50. The day is delicious,—not a cloud in the sky, the sea bluer than blue, the gentlest air fanning us, and the steamer not crowded. There is no lady on board besides M—, and but few gentlemen. The mountain barrier of this coast is always fine, and in many places the hills come down steep, and bare, and dry, to the sea;—but often, as now, there is an interval of plain between them

was different; their gods were themselves made up of good and of evil, and so might well be mixed up with human associations. The hoofs, and the horns, and the tail, were all useful in this way, as giving you an image of something altogether disgusting. And so Mephistophiles, in last, and the other contemptible and hateful character of the Little Master in Sintram, are far more true than the Paradise Lost.”

and the water, covered with olives and scattered houses, a gorgeous belt round the waist of the rough Torso-like mountains. It is quite a new scene in my life to witness the almost more than earthly beauty of this navigation. Now we are passing just between the islands Javos and Risa and the land: the sea a perfect lake: the islands of fantastic rocky forms, and the main land of the same character. We have now passed Cassis, and are just come to Cap l'Aigle:—in a short time we shall open upon La Ciotat,—a small town between Marseilles and Toulon. We are, as usual, close under the cliffs, which present their steep and scarred sides to the sea, bare for the most part, but here and there with some pines upon them. Now they are preparing dinner; not in a small unsavoury cabin, but out on the deck under awnings;—and the table-cloth is of the whitest, and the plates are of our own blue and white china, with the three men and the bridge; and the wine is in nice English decanters, and there is the nicest of desserts being spread, which it seems is to precede the dinner instead of following it.—Dinner is over, and a right goodly dinner it has been: we sat down on deck a party of ten, two Englishmen besides ourselves, both agreeable enough in their way. And now we are just of' Toulon, seeing those beautiful mountains behind the town, and the masts of the shipping rising over the low ground which forms the entrance into the road, and the green hills which lie towards Hyeres, while the islands lie off as a low land, which I am afraid we are going to leave to our left, instead of passing between them and the land. Well, we are ~~just~~ coming to the point from which we shall see Hyeres: for we are not

going outside the islands, as I think, but between them and a projecting point of the coast, connected only by a low strip of sand or shingle with the main land. And now the sun is almost setting, and from him to us there is one golden line through the water, and the mountains, sea, and sky, are all putting on a softer and a deeper tint. It is solemnly beautiful to see the sea under the vessel, just where the foam caused by the paddles melts away into the mass of blue: the restless but yet beautiful finite lost in the peaceful and more beautiful infinite. The historical interest of this coast and sea almost sink in their natural beauties; together, they give to this scene an interest not to be surpassed. And now, good night, my darling—and all of you—you know how soon night comes here after the sun is down; and even now his orb is touching the mountains. May God's blessing be with you and with us, through Jesus Christ.

Genoa, July 4, 1840.

5. We are now farther from England than at any time in our former tour, dearest —, but our faces are still set onwards, and I believe that the more I dislike Italy, or rather the Italians, so the more eagerly do I desire to see those parts of it which remind me only of past times, and allow me to forget the present. Certainly I do greatly prefer France to Italy, Frenchmen to Italians; for a lying people, which these emphatically are, stink in one's moral nose all day long. Good and sensible men, no doubt, there are here in abundance; but no nation presents so bad a side to a traveller as this. For,— *hilst* we do not see its domestic life and its private piety and charity,—the infinite vileness

of its public officers, the pettiness of the Governments, the gross ignorance and the utter falsehood of those who must come in your way, are a continual annoyance. When you see a soldier here, you feel no confidence that he can fight ; when you see a so-called man of letters, you are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby ; when you see a priest, he may be an idolater or an unbeliever ; when you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance. Now in England we know that every soldier will fight, and every public functionary will be honest. In France and in Prussia we know the same ; and with us, though many of our clergy may be idolaters, yet we feel sure that none is an unbeliever.

July 5, 1840.

6. PISA. But O the solemn and characteristic beauty of that cathedral, with its simple semicircular arches of the twelfth century, its double aisles, and its splendour of marbles and decoration of a later date, especially on the ceiling. Then we went to the Baptistery, and lastly to the Campo Santo,—a most perfect cloister, the windows looking towards the burying-ground within, being of the most delicate work. But that burying-ground itself is the most striking thing of all ; it is the earth of the Holy City ; for when the Pisan Crusaders were in Palestine, they thought no spoil which they could bring home was so precious as so many feet in depth of the holy soil, as a burying-place for them and

their children. This was not like Anson watching the Pacific from Tinian to Acapulco, in order to catch the Spanish treasure ship.

Now, however, this noble burying-ground is disused, and only a few favoured persons are laid there by the especial permission of the Grand Duke. The wild vine grows freely out of the ground, and clothes it better, to my judgment, than four cypresses, two at each end, which have been lately planted. The Campo Santo is now desecrated by being made a museum. The famous Cenotaphium Pisanum is here, a noble monument, but Julia's sons and Augustus's grandsons have no business on the spot which the Pisans filled with the holy earth of Jerusalem. The town itself is very striking; the large flat pavement filling up the whole street as at Florence, and the *strade* on each side, or else good and clean houses, varied with some of illustrious antiquity. And after all we were not searched at the gate of Pisa: it seems it has been lately forbidden by the Government — a great humanity. And now, dearest —, good night, and God bless you and all our darlings, and wish us a prosperous journey of three days to the great city of cities; for Naples, I confess, does in comparison appear to me to be viler than vile, a city without one noble association in ancient days or modern.

July 6, 1840.

7. APPROACH TO ROME.—And now we are on the great road from Florence to Rome. ROME once again, but now how much dearer, and to me more interesting than when I saw it last, and in how much dearer company. Yet how sad will it be not to find Bunsen there,

and to feel that Niebuhr is gone. I note here in every group of people whom I meet many with light, very light eyes. Is this the German blood of the middle age conquests and wars, or are the mass of the present Italians descended from the Roman slaves—Ligurians, Kelts, Germans, and from all other nations? However, of the fact of the many light eyes in Tuscany I am sure. The country is beautiful, and we are going up amidst oak woods chiefly. The hedges here are brilliant; the Sweet William pinks of the deepest colour; the broom, the clematis, and the gum-cistus *Salvianus*, that beautiful flower which I have never seen wild since 1827. Here is the beginning of the mountain scenery of Central Italy, only a very faint specimen of it; but yet bearing its character—the narrow valley, the road in a terrace above it, the village of Staggia with its old walls and castle tower, the vines, figs, and olives over all the country, and the luxuriant covering of all the cliffs and roadside banks, the wild fig and wild vine. Arrived at Castiglioncello 1.45. Left it 1.53. Ascending gradually towards Sienna, which is at the top of the whole country, dividing the streams which feed the Arno from those that feed the Ombrone. The road here is a defile through oak woods, very beautiful; and after having got up through the wood we are in a high plain, but with higher hills around us, and a great deal of wood. Here the country looks parched, for the soil is shallow.

Arrived at the gates of Sienna 3.16. I hope that I shall not have much time to write; nor have I, for the carriage is at the door. Left Sienna 4.50. We did not stop long, as is evident, but we dined, for two pauls each, about one franc, and we saw the cathedral, a

thing very proper to do, and moreover the cathedral is fine and very rich, and has some pictures; amongst the rest, a set of pictures of the events of the life of my old friend *Æneas Sylvius*, designed, it is said, by Raphaelle in his early youth. There were also some fine illuminations of some ancient music books, and some very well executed Mosaics. Yet I should be a false man if I professed to feel much pleasure in such things. What I did rejoice in was the view which we had, far and wide, from the heights of Sienna, a boundless range of Apennines. And coming out of Sienna, we have just had a shower of Cicada drop from the trees upon the carriage, who hopped off when anything threatened them behind with an agility truly marvellous. And now we are descending from our height, amidst a vast extent of cornfields just cleared, and the view is not unlike that from Pain à Bouchain, only some of the Apennines before us are too fine for the hills about Roanne. Let me notice now several things to the credit of the Italians hereabouts. First of all, the excessive goodness of the *Albergo del' Ussaro* at Pisa, where the master, who speaks English, changed my French money into Tuscan and Roman, a convenience to avoid the endless disputes about the exact value of the foreign coinage. Next, at *Castiglioncello*, the stage before Sienna, there is "Terzo Cavallo," and justly, seeing that the whole stage is up hill. I said to the ostler, "You have a right, I believe, here, to a third horse;" to which he said "Yes." But presently he added, "You are only two persons, and I shall send you with two;" and this he did without any compromise of paying for two horses and a half; but

we had two, and we paid only for two. And finally, the Sienna dinner, at four pauls, at the Aquila Nera, was worthy of all commendation.

As I have occasion to complain often of the Italians, it is pleasant to be able to make these exceptions. Sienna stands like Langres, and as we have been descending, two little streams have risen in the hill sides right and left, and now they meet and form a green valley, into which we are just descended, and find again the hedgerows, the houses, and the vines. Arrived at Montaroni 5.57. Left it 6.4. And still, I believe, we are going to have another stage of descent to Buon Convento. Alas! an adventure has sadly delayed us, for though the stage be mostly descent or level ground, yet there was one sharp little hill soon after we left Montaroni, in the middle of which our horses absolutely would not go on, wherefore the carriage would go back, and soon got fast in the ditch. M—— got out very safely, and we got the carriage out of the ditch, but it was turned round in the doing it, and the road was so narrow that we could not turn it right again for a long time. Meanwhile, a passing traveller kindly carried a message back to the post for a Terzo, and after a while Terzo and a boy came to our aid, and brought us up the hill valiantly; and Terzo is now trotting on, a bright example to his companions.

July 7. Left Buon Convento 5.16. Again a lovely morning, dearest —, and certainly if man does not glorify God in this country, yet, as we have just been reading*, “the very stones do indeed cry out.”

* i. e. in the daily lessons of Scripture, which, with the Te Deum, they used to read every morning on starting.

The country is not easy to describe, for the framework of the Apennines here is very complicated, the ribs of the main chain being very twisted, and throwing out other smaller ribs which are no less so, so that the valleys are infinitely winding; but, generally, we were on the Ombrone at Buon Convento, and at Torrinieri shall be on one of his feeders, which runs so as to form a very acute angle with him at his confluence. Between the two the ground is thrown about in swells and falls indescribable. The country is generally open corn land, just cleared, but varied with patches of copse, of heath, and of vines and other trees in the valleys, and the farm-houses perched about in the summit of the hills with their odd little corn stacks, some scattered all over the fields, and others making a belt round the houses. Il Cavallo Inglese at Buon Convento was a decent place as to beds, but roguish, as the small places always are, in their charges. The Terzo did well, and brought us well to Buon Convento after all. At this moment, Moute Alcino, on a high mountain on the right, is looking splendidly under the morning sun, with its three churches, its castle, and the mass of trees beneath it. Arrived at Torrinieri 6.15. Left it 6.21, with four horses, but only three are to be paid for, which is all quite right; the fourth is for their own pleasure. We have just crossed the Orcia, and these great ascents, which require the Terzo, are but shoulders dividing one feeder of the Ombrone from another, the Orcia from the Tressa. We have had one enormous ascent, and a descent by zig and zag to a little feeder, and now we are up again to go down

to another. On this intermediate height, rising out of a forest of olives, with its old wall, its church, with a fine Norman doorway, and its castle tower, stands S. Quirico, on no river, my M——, but a place beginning with a Q., when we "play at Geographical." We are just under its walls, with a mass of ilex sloping down from the foot of the walls to the road; the machicolations of the walls are very striking. We are descending towards the Tressa, a vast view before us, bounded by the mountains of Radicofani. The hills which we are descending are thickly wooded on our right, with most picturesque towns on their summits, while the deep furrows of this blue marl, though rock would doubtless be finer, are yet very striking in all the gorges and combes. Arrived at La Poderina, that most striking view, 7.45. Left it 7.53. We have crossed the Tressa, a rocky stream in a deep dell between noble mountains, on each side crowned with the most picturesque towns and castles. The postilion calls the river the Orcia, and I think he is right; the town is Rocca d'Orcia; it is the scene I had noticed in my former journal, and indeed it is not easy to be forgotten; but I had fancied the spot had been at Buon Convento. This stage is the only one as yet that could be called at all dull; much of it is through a low plain, without trees or vines, and therefore it is now bare; in this plain, however, there stands one of the finest of oaks by the road-side, a lonely and goodly tree, which has the plain to itself. They are also doing a very good work, in making a line of road, quite in the plain, to avoid the many ups and downs of

the present road, in crossing the valleys of the small streams which run down into the main valley. But although the immediate neighbourhood of the road is dull, yet how glorious are the mountains all around! Arrived at Riccorsi 9.10. Left it 9.18. I was speaking of the mountains, and I am quite sure that a scene so picturesque as that which we have just above Riccorsi, in this stage, which people who read and sleep through the country call dull, can very rarely be rivalled in England. The mountains are very high, and their sides and banks and furrowing combes, nobly spread out before you, covered mostly with oak forests, but the forest toward the plain thinning off into single trees till it gives place to the olives and vines; and near the summit there is a great scar or cliff, on which, or to which, sit or stick as they can the houses of Campiglia, with its picturesque towers as usual. And now we are really going up to the head of the country, to the fantastic rocks of Radicofani, which turn the waters to the Ombrone and Tiber and are visible from the Ciminian hills*. Again the road itself is in

* "The Ciminian hills, for we should scarcely call them mountains, are the ridge which divides the valley of the Tiber from the basin of the lake of Bolsena, and from the valley which runs from the foot of the lake down to the sea. Where the road from Viterbo to Rome crosses them they are still covered with copsewood, and the small crater of the lake of Vico, which lies high up in their bosom, is surrounded by the remains of the old forest. In the fifth century of Rome, the woods were far more extensive; and the hills having now become the boundary between the Roman and Etrusean nations, were perhaps studiously kept in their wild state, in order to prevent collisions between the borderers of both frontiers. They are a remarkable point, because, as they run up to a crest with no extent of

the bare hill side, with masses of rock here and there. But across the torrent, the mountain sides are clothed more or less with trees, in some places thickly, and before us the hill side is yellow with the still standing corn. The torrent beds, however, are here for the most part quite dry. Those creatures which dropped on our carriage yesterday, are here again in great numbers; they call them Cavaletti or Grigli; they are a species of Cicada, but not those which croak on the trees, and which, I believe, are never seen on the ground. We have just crowned the summit, and see before us the country towards Rome, and the streams going to the Tiber. The valley of the Paglia for miles lies before us. Alas! to think of that unhappy papal Government, and of the degraded people subject to it. Arrived at Radicofani 10.45.

There is a good inn here, so we have stopped to get something to eat, and to give M—— some rest, which she greatly needs; and from here our way is in a manner all down hill. Glorious indeed is the view all around us, and there is also a nice garden under the house, where I see an oleander in bloom, although our height above the Mediterranean must be very great, and up here the corn is not ripe. The air is pure and cool enough, as you may suppose, but there is no chill in it, and the flies are taking liberties with my face, which are disagreeable. It table-land on their summits, they command a wide view on either side, reaching far away to the south-east over the valley of the Tiber, even to the Alban hills, whilst on the north and west they look down on the plain of Viterbo; and the lake of Bolsena is distinctly visible, shut in at the furthest distance by the wild mountains of Radicofani."—*History of Rome*, vol. ii. p. 251.

is very strange to see so nice-looking an inn at this wild place, but the movement of the world does wonders, and it improves even the mountain of Radi-cofani. I have exposed myself to the attacks of those who cannot bear to hear of the movement of the nineteenth century improving anything; however, I was thinking only of physical improvement in roads and inns, which is a matter not to be disputed. But in truth the improvement does go deeper than this, and though the work is not all of God, (and did even Christianity itself except the intermeddling hand of Antichrist?) yet in itself it is of God, and its fruits are accordingly good in the main, though mixed with evil always, and though the evil sometimes be predominant; sometimes it may be alone to be found; just as in this long descent which I see before me to Ponte Centino there are portions of absolutely steep up-hill. It is a lying spirit undoubtedly that says "look backwards."

Viterbo, July 8th, 1840.—On May 9th, 1827, I entered Rome last, dearest —; and it gives me a thrill to look out from my window on the very Ciminian hills, and to know that one stage will bring us to the top of them. But the Callé bids me stop. Left Viterbo 5.30. A clever piccolo has aided our carriage well by leading Terzo round some very sharp turnings in the narrow streets. And now we are out amidst gardens and olives, with the Ciminian hills all green with their copsewood right before us. We are now amidst the copsewood; many single chestnuts and oaks are still standing; the tufts of gun-cistus Salvianus by the road-side mingled with the broom are most

beautiful. Long white lines of cloud lie in the plains, so that the Sabine mountains seemed to rise exactly from the sea. And now a wooded point rises above us of a very fine shape, a sort of spur from the main ridge like Swirl Edge from Helvellyn. Here the oaks and chestnuts are fine. Thick wood on both sides of the road. Again we descend gradually towards Monterossi, Soracte, and the mountains behind it finer than can be told. We may now say that we are within what was the Roman frontier in the middle of the fourth century, u.c., for we have just crossed the little stream which flows by both Sutrium and Nepete, and they were long the frontier colonies towards Etruria. Here we join the Perugia and Ancona road, and after the junction our ways seem much improved. And now we are ascending a long hill into Monterossi, which seems to stand on a sort of shoulder running down from the hills of the Lake Sabatinus towards the Campagna. I suppose that this country must have been the *περιοικις* of Veii. The twenty-sixth milestone from Rome stands just at the foot of the hill going up into Monterossi. Here they are threshing their corn vigorously out in the sun; I should have thought that it must be dry enough anywhere. Arrived at Monterossi 9.30, at the twenty-fifth milestone, 9.44. Here begins the Campagna, and I am glad to find that my description of it in Vol. I. is quite correct. Here are the long slopes and the sluggish streams, such as I have described them, and the mountain wall almost grander than my recollection of it. And, as our common broom was tufting all the slopes and banks when I was here last in April and May, so now, in July, we have

our garden broom no less beautiful. I observe that since we have joined the Perugia road, everything seems in better style, both roads and posting, because that is the great road to Bologna and Ancona, and the Sienna road leads within the Roman States to no place of consequence. Here is one of the lonely Osterie of the Campagna, but now smartened up into the Hotel des Sept Veines, Sette Vene, strange to behold. Here we found our Neapolitan friend, who, not liking his horses, had sent them back to Monterossi, and was waiting for others. The postillions would have changed them for ours, deeming our necks, I suppose, of no consequence; but our Neapolitan friend most kindly advised me not to allow them to change; a piece of disinterested, or rather self-denying consideration, for which I felt much obliged to him. Strange it is to look at these upland slopes, so fresh, so airy, so open, and to conceive that malaria can be here. They have been planting trees here by the road-side, acacias and elms and shumacks, a nice thing to do, and perhaps also really useful, as trees might possibly lessen the malaria. We see the men who come to reap the crops in the Campagna sleeping under the shade by the road-side; we are going up the outer rim of the Baccano crater; the road is a "via cava," and the beauty of the brooms and wild figs is exquisite. Now we are in the crater, quite round, with a level bottom about one mile and a half in diameter. Arrived at Baccano 10.35. Left it 10.45. And now we are going up the inner rim of the crater, and it is an odd place to look back on. I put up Catstabber, take my pen, and look with all my eyes, for here is the top of the rim, and Rome

is before us, though as yet I see it not. We have just seen it, 11.5. S. Peter's within the horizon line, the Mons Albanus, the portal into the Hernican country, Præneste, Tiber, and the valley of the Anio towards Sublaquem. Of earthly sights $\tau\rho\iota\tau\omega\alpha\omega\tau\omega$ —Athens and Jerusalem are the other two—the three people of God's election, two for things temporal, and one for things eternal. Yet even in the things eternal they were allowed to minister. Greek cultivation and Roman polity prepared men for Christianity, as Mahometanism* can bear witness, for the East, when it abandoned Greece and Rome, could only reproduce Judaism. Mahometanism, six hundred years after Christ, justifies the wisdom of God in Judaism; proving that the eastern man could bear nothing more perfect. Here I see perfectly the shoulder of land which joins the Alban Hills to the mountains by Præneste, and through the gap over them I see the mountains of the Volscians. A long ridge lies before us, between us and La Storta, but, if we turned to the left before we ascended it, we could get down to the Tiber without a hill. And here I look upon Veii, (Isola Farnese,) and see distinctly the little cliff above the stream which was made available for the old walls. We are descending to the stream at Osteria del Fosso, which was one of those that flowed under the walls of Veii. And here at Osteria del Fosso we have the little cliffy banks which were so often used here for the fortifications of the ancient towns, and such as I have just seen in Veii itself. We

* "The unworthy idea of Paradise" in the Koran, he used to say, "justifies the way of God in not revealing a future state earlier, since man in early ages was not fit for it."

are going up the ridge from Osteria del Fosso, and have just passed the eleventh milestone. These bare slopes overgrown with thistles and fern are very solemn, while the bright broom cheering the road banks might be an image of God's grace in the wilderness, and a type that it most cheers those who keep to the straight road of duty. Past the tenth milestone, and here apparently with no descent to reach to, is La Storta. Arrived at La Storta 12.4. Left it 12.14. Here is a Campagna scene, on the left a lonely Osteria, and on the right one of the lonely square towers of this district, old refuges for men and cattle in the middle ages. We descend gradually; the sides of the slopes both right and left (for we are on a ridge) are prettily clothed with copsewood. I have just seen the Naples road beyond Rome, the back of the Monte Mario, the towers of the churches at the Porta del Popolo. And now, just past the fourth milestone, S. Peter's has opened from behind Monte Mario, and we go down by zig and zag towards the level of the Tiber. It brings us down into a pretty green valley watered by the Acqua Traversa, where, for the first time, we have a few vines on the slope above. The Acqua Traversa joins the Tiber above the Milvian bridge, so we cross him and go up out of his little valley on the right. And here we find the first houses which seem like the approach to a city. There are the cypresses on the Monte Mario, and here is the Tiber and the Milvian bridge. We are crossing the Tiber now, and now we are in the *AGER ROMANUS*. Garden walls and ordinary suburb houses line the road on both sides, but the *Collis Hortulorum* rises prettily on the

left with its little cliffs, its cypresses, copsewood, and broom. The Porta del Popolo is in sight, and then Passport and Dogano must be minded, so here I stop for the present, 1.20.

ROME, July 9. Again this date, my dearest —, one of the most solemn and interesting to me that my hand can ever write, and now even more interesting than when I saw it last.

8. CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.—The Pantheon I had never seen before, and I admire it greatly; its vastness, and the opening at the top which admitted the view of the cloudless sky, both struck me particularly. Of the works of art at the Vatican, I ought not to speak, but I was glad to find that I could understand the Apollo better than when I last saw it. S. Stefano Rotondo on the Cælian, so called from its shape, consists of two rows of concentric pillars, and contains the old Mosaic of our Lord, of which I spoke in my former journal. It exhibits also, in a series of pictures all round the church, the martyrdoms of the Christians in the so-called Persecutions, with a general picture of the most eminent martyrs since the triumph of Christianity. No doubt many of the particular stories thus painted, will bear no critical examination; it is likely enough, too, that Gibbon has truly accused the general statements of exaggeration. But this is a thankless labour, such as Lingard and others have undertaken with respect to the St. Bartholomew massacre, and the Irish massacre of 1642. Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty—by fifty if you will—but after all you have a number of persons of all ages and sexes suffering cruel torments and death for con-

science sake and for Christ's, and by their sufferings manifestly, with God's blessing, ensuring the triumph of Christ's Gospel. Neither do I think that we consider the excellence of this martyr spirit half enough. I do not think that pleasure is a sin*: the Stoics of old, and the ascetic Christians since, who have said so, (see the answers of that excellent man Pope Gregory the Great, to Augustine's questions, as given at length by Bede,) have, in saying so, overstepped the simplicity and the wisdom of Christian truth. But, though pleasure is not a sin, yet surely the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake is a thing most needful for us in our days, from whom in our daily life suffering seems so far removed. And, as God's grace enabled rich and delicate persons, women, and even children, to endure all extremities of pain and reproach in times past, so there is the same grace no less mighty now; and if we do not close ourselves against it, it might in us be no less glorified in a time of trial. And that such time of trial will come, my children, in your days, if not in mine, I do believe fully, both from the teaching of man's wisdom, and of God's. And, therefore, pictures of martyrdoms are, I think, very wholesome—not to be shamed at, nor yet to be looked on as a mere excitement,—but a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace can enable the weakest of His people to bear. Neither should we

* He had, however, a great respect for the later Stoics:—"It is common to ridicule them," he said; "but their triumph over bodily pain was one of the noblest efforts after good ever made by man, without revelation. He that said to pain, 'Thou art no evil to me, so long as I can endure thee,'—it was given to him from God."

forget those who, by their sufferings, were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us, in securing to us the safe and triumphant existence of Christ's blessed faith—in securing to us the possibility—nay, the actual enjoyment, had it not been for the Antichrist of the Priesthood—of Christ's holy and glorious *ἐκκλησία*, the congregation and commonwealth of Christ's people.

July 12, 1840.

9. APPII FORUM. And I see Sezza on its mountain seat; but here is a more sacred spot, Appii Forum, where St. Paul met his friends, when, having landed at Puteoli, he went on by the Appian road to Rome. Here the ancient and the present roads are the same,—here, then, the Apostle Paul, with Luke and with Timothy, travelled along, a prisoner, under a centurion guard, to carry his appeal to Cæsar. How much resulted from that journey—the manifestation of Christ's name *ἐν ὅλῳ πᾶσῃ περιτοπῇ*, the four precious Epistles ad Ephesios, ad Philippenses, ad Colossenses, ad Philemona; and on the other hand, owing to his long absence, the growth of Judaism, that is, of priestcraft, in the eastern churches, never, alas! to be wholly put down.

July 13, 1840.

10. MOLA DI GAETA. M— says that she never saw so beautiful a spot as Mola di Gaeta. I should say so too, in suo genere; but Fox How and Chiavenna are so different, that I cannot compare them; so again are Rome from S. Pietro in Montorio,

—Oxford, from the pretty field, or from St. John's Gardens,—London, from Westminster Bridge, and Paris, from the Quays. But Mola is one of those spots which are of a beauty not to be forgotten while one lives.

“At Mola is what is called Cicero's Villa. There is no greater folly than to attempt to connect particular spots in this uncertain way with great names; and no one, who represents to his own mind the succession of events and ages which have passed, will attempt to do it upon conjecture, the chances being thousands to one against correctness. There can be no traditions, from the long period when such things were forgotten and uncared for; and what seems to be tradition, in fact, originates in what antiquarians have told the people. People do not enough consider the long periods of the Roman empire after Augustus's time.—the century of the greatest activity under Trajan, and the Antonines, when the Republic and the Augustan age were considered as ancient times,—then Severus and his time,—then Diocletian and Theodosius,—when the Roman laws were in full vigour.”

July 11, 1846.

11. NAPLES.—While we are waiting for dinner, my dearest —, I will write two or three lines of journal. Here we actually are, looking out upon what but presents images, which, with a very little play of fancy, might all be shaped into a fearful drama of Pleasure, Sin, and Death. The Pleasure is everywhere,—nowhere is nature more lovely, or man, as far as appears, more enjoying; the Sin is in the sty of Capriæ, in the dissoluteness of Baia and Pompeii,—in the black treachery

which, in this ill-omened country, stained the fame even of Nelson,—in the unmatchable horrors of the White Jacobins of 1799,—in the general absence of any recollections of piety, virtue, or wisdom—for “he that is not with me is against me.” And the Death stands manifest in his awfulness in Vesuvius,—in his loathsomeness at the abominable Campo Santo. Far be it from me, or from my friends, to live or to sojourn long in such a place; the very contradictory, as it seems to me, of the hill Difficulty, and of the House Beautiful, and of the Land of Beulah. But, behold, we are again in voiture, going along the edge of the sea in the Port of Naples, and going out to Salerno. Clouds are on the mountains which form the south-east side of the bay; but Vesuvius is clear, and quite quiet,—not a wreath of smoke ascends from him. Since I wrote this, in the last five minutes, there is a faint curl of smoke visible. Striking it is to observe the thousand white houses round his base, and the green of copse-wood which runs half way up him, and up to the very summit of his neighbour, the Monte Somma,—and then to look at the desolate blackness of his own cone.

July 15, 1840.

12. POMPEII.—We have just left Pompeii, after having spent two hours in walking over the ruins. Now what has struck me most in this extraordinary scene, speaking historically? That is, what knowledge does one gain from seeing an ancient town, destroyed in the first century of the Christian era, thus laid open before us? I do not think that there is much. I observed the streets crossing one another at right

angles: I observed the walls of the town just keeping the crown of the hill, and the suburbs and the tombs falling away directly from the gates: I observed the shops in front of the houses,—the streets narrow, the rooms in the houses very small; the dining room in one of the best was twenty feet by eighteen nearly. The Forum was large for the size of the town; and the temples and public buildings occupied a space proportionably greater than with us. I observed the Impluvium, forming a small space in the midst of the Atrium. And I think, farther, that Pompeii is just a thing for pictures to represent adequately; I could understand it from Gell's book, but no book can give me the impressions or the knowledge which I gain from every look at the natural landscape. Then, poetically, Pompeii is to me, as I always thought it would be, no more than Pompeii; that is, it is a place, utterly un-poetical. An Osco-Roman town, with some touches of Greek corruption,—a town of the eighth century of Rome, marked by no single noble recollection, nor having—like the polygonal walls of Ciolano—the marks of a remote antiquity, and a pure state of society. There is only the same sort of interest with which one would see the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, but indeed there is less. One is not authorized to ascribe so solemn a character to the destruction of Pompeii; it is not a peculiar monument of God's judgments, it is the mummy of a man of no worth or dignity,—solemn, no doubt, as everything is which brings life and death into such close connexion, but with no proper and peculiar solemnity, like places rich in their own proper interest, or sharing in the general interest of a

remote antiquity, or an uncorrupted state of society. The towns of the Ciolano are like the tomb of a child,— Pompeii is like that of Lord Chesterfield.

13. GEOGRAPHY OF SAMNIUM.

From the History of Rome, vol. ii. pp. 101—104.

“ Nearly due north of Naples, there stands out from the central line of the Apennines, like one of the towers of an old castle from the lower and more retiring line of the ordinary wall, a huge mass of mountains, known at present by the name of the Matese. On more than three-fourths of its circumference it is bounded by the Volturno and its tributary streams, the Calore and the Tamaro, which send their waters into the lower or Tyrrhenian Sea: but on its northern side its springs and torrents run down into the Biferno, and so make their way to the Adriatic. A very narrow isthmus or shoulder, high enough to form the watershed between the two seas, connects the Matese at its N.W. and N.E. extremities with the main Apennine line, and thus prevents it from being altogether insulated.

“ The circumference of the Matese as above described is between seventy and eighty miles. Its character bears some resemblance to that of the district of Craven in Yorkshire, or more closely to that of the Jura. It is a vast mass of limestone, rising from its base abruptly in the huge wall-like cliffs or scars, so characteristic of limestone mountains, to the height of about 3000 feet; and within this gigantic enclosure presenting a great variety of surface, sloping inwards

from the edge of the cliffs into deep valleys, and then rising again in the highest points of the centre of the range, and especially in the Monte Miletto, which is its loftiest summit, to an elevation computed at 6000 feet. Its upland valleys offer, like those of the Jura, a wide extent of pasture, and endless forests of magnificent beech-wood; it is rich in springs, gushing out of the ground with a full burst of water, and suddenly disappearing again into some of the numerous caverns in which such limestone rocks abound. In this manner the waters of a small lake in the heart of the mountain have no visible outlet; but the people of the country say that they break out at the foot of a deep cliff or cove, about two or three miles distant, and form the full stream of the Torano.

"On the highest points of the Matese the snow lies till late in the summer; and such is their elevation, that the view from them extends across the whole breadth of Italy from sea to sea. No heat of the summer scorches the perpetual freshness of these mountain pastures; and during the hottest months the cattle from the surrounding country are driven up thither to feed.

"This singular mountain with its subject valleys was the heart of the country of the Samnites."

July 18, 1846.

14. THE APENNINES.—The panorama of mountains, and the infinite variety of light and shade caused by a very bright sun and very black clouds, cannot be described. Aquila is seen rising on its hills on the left bank of the Aternus, about nine miles off. Behold

something of a section of the plain and valley, if I can make them intelligible —. By the way I saw the Tratturo delle Pecore, or Cattle path, "Callis," which Keppel Craven mentions, in our upland plain, a broad marked track on the turf, which ran close by the road for a space, and then passed it. We are now down fairly in the valley, at the 125th mile, and the Gran Sasso d'Italia, or Monte Como, the highest of the Apennines, 9000 feet above the level of the sea, spreads out his huge mass just behind the near hills of this valley —. I have endeavoured to represent his outline, and his enormous ribs and deep combes, but I must not forget his verdure; for as the sun shines upon him, the turf upon his swells and ridge looks green as Loughrigg; the peak looks as I have so often seen Fairfield when a slight snow has fallen: the snow lies where the steepness of the cliffs will let it lie. We are in a fresh valley amidst streams of running water: but there is malaria here. And now, 6.56, we are just beginning the ascent of the hill on which Aquila itself is built. Nothing can be fresher than everything around us, the vines on the hills, the deep green of the poplars and willows that fringe the streams, and the bright grass of a little patch of meadow. Then the mountains rise behind on all sides, their tops still gleaming with the sun which is set to us in the valley, (129th mile, within a quarter of a mile of the entrance into Aquila,) while the mountains to the N.W. are steeped in one of the richest glows of crimson that I ever saw. Passports at Aquila gate, or rather at the gate of the old *περιβόλος*; but Aquila has shrunk, and a long avenue through corn-fields leads from the gate of

what was the town to the beginning of the part inhabited now.

July 19. Left Aquila 6.8, passing under the citadel and with the Gran Sasso facing us in all his brightness. —I did not see his main summit last night after all, for it was behind, and the clouds covered it; so I have put it in slightly this morning. We have got to-day, not a Cheval but an Homme de Renfort, to help the carriage through the difficulties of the pass of Antrodoco. And now, dearest, it is Sunday morning, and a brighter day never shone: the clouds and cold have vanished, and summer seems returned. May God bless you all, my darlings, and us your absent parents—to whom the roads of Italy on this day are far less grateful than the chapel of Rydal or of Rugby. It is here amongst strangers or enemies that I could most zealously defend the Church of England:—here one may look only at its excellences; whereas at home, and amongst ourselves, it is idle to be puffing what our own business is rather to mend and to perfect.

July 20, 1840.

15. RIETI.—Rieti is so screened by the thousand elms to which its vines are trained, that you hardly can see the town till you are in it. It stands in the midst of the "Rosea Rura," this marvellous plain of the Velinus, a far fairer than the Thessalian Tempe. Immediately above it are some of the rocky but exquisitely soft hills of the country,—so soft and sweet that they are like the green hills round Como, or the delicate screen of the head of Derwentwater; the Apennines have lost all their harsher and keep only their finer features—

their infinite beauty of outline, and the endless enwrappings of their combes, their cliffs, and their woods. But here is water everywhere, which gives a universal freshness to everything. Rieti, I see, stands just at an opening of the hills, so that you may catch its towers on the sky between them. We have crossed the Velino to its left bank, just below its confluence with the Torrano, the ancient Tereno, as I believe, up whose valley we have just been looking, and see it covered with corn, standing in shocks, but not carried. It has been often a very striking sight to see the little camp of stacks raised round a farm-house, and to see multitudes of people assembled, threshing their corn, or treading it out with mules' or horses' feet. Still the towns stand nobly on the mountains. Behold Grecio before us,—two church towers, and the round towers of its old bastions, and the line of its houses on the edge of one cliff, and with other cliffs rising behind it. The road has chosen to go up a shoulder of hill on the left of the valley, for no other visible reason than to give travellers a station like the Bowness Terrace, from which they might have a general view over it. It is really like "the garden of the Lord," and the "Seraph guard" might keep their watch on the summit of the opposite mountains, which, seen under the morning sun, are invested in a haze of heavenly light, as if shrouding a more than earthly glory. Truly may one feel with Von Canitz*, that if the glory of God's perishable works be so great, what must be the glory of the imperishable,—what infinitely more of Him who is the author of both! And if I feel thrilling through

* See the story and poem in *Serm.* vol. iv. note B.

me the sense of this outward beauty—innocent, indeed, yet necessarily unconscious,—what is the sense one ought to have of moral beauty,—of God the Holy Spirit's creation,—of humbleness and truth, and self-devotion and love! Much more beautiful, because made truly after God's image, are the forms and colours of kind and wise and holy thoughts, and words, and actions; more truly beautiful is one hour of old Mrs. Price's* patient waiting for the Lord's time, and her cheerful and kind interest in us all, feeling as if she owed us anything,—than this glorious valley of the Velinus. For this will pass away, and that will not pass away: but that is not the great point;—believe with Aristotle that this should abide, and that should perish; still there is in the moral beauty, an inherent excellence which the natural beauty cannot have; for the moral beauty is actually, so to speak, God, and not merely His work: His living and conscious ministers and servants are—it is permitted us to say so—the temples of which the light is God Himself.

July 20, 1840.

16. WATERSHED OF THE APENNINES.—We have now one of the best possible specimens of the ancient mountain towns close above us. This is Torri, standing on the top of a hill, and stretching down towards the plain. Its churches are at the summit like an acropolis, and from thence its walls diverge down the hill, and are joined by a cross wall, the base of the triangle, near but not at the plain—. The walls are perfect, and, there being no suburbs, the

* An old woman in the Almshouses at Rugby, alluded to in the Life, pp. 188. 618.

TRAVELLING JOURNALS IN ITALY.

town is quite distinctly marked, standing in a mass of olives around it; and below I see that it is not quite a triangle, but rather a triangle stuck on to a rude circle. Spoleto is still beautifully visible at the end of the plain behind us. I can conceive Hannibal's Numidians trying to carry it *avrebbon* after they had harried all this delicious plain; and if the colony shut its gates against them, and was not panic-struck by the terror of Thrasy-menus, it did well, and deserved honour, as did Nola in like case, although Marcellus's son lied about his father's life no less valiantly than he did about his death.

Arrived at Ponte Centesimo 5.51. Left it 6.2. The valley narrow, and the oaks very nice on the hill sides. The road ascends steeply from Ponte Centesimo along the side of the hills as a terrace. The road is now very beautiful, the hills on both sides are wooded, and the turf under them is soft in the morning sun. We have still the vines and the maize, but I doubt whether we shall see many more olives; for from here to the top of the Apennines it will be too high for them, and they have the good taste not to grow in that mongrel Italy between the Apennines and the Alps. Here we cross a great feeder of the main stream, great in width of bed, but very small in his supply of water, while the main stream, like an honest man, seems to be no more than he is, has a little channel, but fills it with water. Behold meadows by the stream side, and mowing going forward; and, O marvellous for a summer scent in Italy! the smell of fresh hay! It is quite lovely, the hill sides like Rydal Park, and the valley like our great hay-fields, with cattle feeding freely; but still the Apennine character of endless dells and

combes in the mountain sides, which give a character of variety and beauty to the details of the great landscape, quite peculiar to central Italy. We have had no stage like this since we have entered Italy, and it goes on still with the same beauty. And now we have crossed our beautiful stream, and are going up a little valley to our right, in which stands Nocera. I did not notice when we arrived at Nocera, but we left it 7.30. If for a moment the country in the preceding stage could have made us forget that we were in Italy, the town of Nocera would soon have reminded us of it; standing on a hill as usual, and with all its characteristic style of building. A few olives too were and are still to be seen, and the vines are luxuriant. We went up a steep hill, and down a steeper out of Nocera; to get out of the valley of the Nocera feeder, and to come again into the valley of our old friend the Calcignolo; but now it is very wide, and we are not near his stream, but on the roots of the mountains, with a wide view right and left of upland slopes, corn, and vines, and the hills beautifully wooded, and the combes delicious, and water trickling down, or rather running in every little stream bed. We have had much up and down over the swellings and sinkings of the hill sides and combes, but as Terzo is gone back, our way, I presume, will now be smoother. As I now sit between Guisano and Gualdo, I see the valley or upland plain in which we are stretching away quite to the central ridge, which sinks at that point perceptibly, so that the Apennines are here penetrated from the south with no trouble. Even here I see a few olives, but the vines and maize grow freely over the whole

country, and the hills are beautifully wooded, so that a more delightful or liveable region is not easily to be found. Compare this pass of the Apennines with that between Isermia and Castel di Sangro, or with the tremendous descent from the Five-mile plain to Sulmona. We descend a steep hill into the combe, in which is Gualdo, and arrive at the post, 9.0. I did not notice our leaving it, because there was a dispute about a Terzo. We have just passed a road, going to Gubbio Iguvium, so famous for its tables in the Umbrian language, but some of them written in the Latin character. Still ups and downs perpetual, but fresh water everywhere, which freshens the whole landscape, and it is truly beautiful. Still I see a few olives on the hill side above us, but they must be nearly the last. Here is another such descent into the combe, on the opposite side of which stands Sigillo, and still here are the olives. Arrived at Sigillo 10.44. Left it 11.0. Still the same beautiful plain, corn, and maize, and festooning vines, although we are on high ground, and going to cross the main ridge of the Apennines with no Terzo; and still olives, while fine oaks are scattered over the plain, and raise their higher foliage above the universal green of the young trees where the vines are trained. The road has continued stealing up along the sides of the hills till we are nearly arrived at the head of the valley, and also at the extremity of cultivation, for only a thin belt of vines now intervenes between us and the bare hill side. And yet there are olives even here, and the oaks are quite beautiful; and walnuts are intermixed with them. The road turns left across the valley to go round a spur or shoulder which runs out

from the hills on the right; how or where we cross the watershed I do not yet see.—We have turned our spur and the road goes right, and the watershed opens before us—just a straight line between the hills, and closing up the valley as with a dam; exactly as in ascending Winster we find the top of the valley, just before going down upon Windermere. Yet one or two olives are to be found even here, and the vines and maize are everywhere. I know of no other such passage of a great mountain chain, preserving actually up to the very watershed all the richness of a southern valley, and yet with the freshness of a mountain region too. And here we are on the “ipsissimum divortium,” still amidst the trailing vines; and here is La Schezzia, on a stream which is going to the Adriatic.

17. THE FLAMINIAN WAY.

From the History of Rome, vol. iii. p. 55.

“ While Flaminius imitated Fabius and Decius in their political regulations, he rivalled Appius Claudius in the greatness of his public works. He perfected the direct communication between Rome and Ariminum, the great road, which, turning to the right after crossing the Milvian bridge, ascended the valley of the Tiber, leaving Soracte on its left, till it again joined the line of the modern road where it recrosses the Tiber and ascends to Oriculum; which then ascended the valley of the Nar to Narnia and Interamnia, passed over the lofty ridge of the Monte Somma, descended on the newly-founded colony of Spoletum, and passed through the magnificent plain

beyond till it reached Fulginia; which there again penetrating into the green valley of the Calcignola, wound its way along the stream to Nuceria; which then, by an imperceptible ascent, rose through the wide upland plain of Helvillum (Sigillo) to the central ridge of the Apennines; which, the moment it had crossed the ridge, plunged precipitately down into the deep and narrow gorge of the Cantiano, and, hemmed in between gigantic walls of cliff, struggled on for many miles through the defile, till it came out upon the open country, where the Cantiano joins the Metaurus; which then, through a rich and slightly-varied plain, followed the left bank of that fateful stream till it reached the shores of the Adriatic; and which finally kept the line of the low coast to Ariminum, the last city of Italy, on the very edge of Cisalpine Gaul. This great road, which is still one of the chief lines of communication in Italy, and which still exhibits in its bridges, substructions, and above all in the magnificent tunnel of Furlo, splendid monuments of Roman greatness, has immortalized the name of C. Flaminius, and was known throughout the times of the Commonwealth and the Empire as the Flaminian Way."

July 21, 1840.

18. BANKS OF THE METAURUS.—“Livy says, ‘the farther Hasdrubal got from the sea, the steeper became the banks of the river.’ We noticed some steep banks, but probably they were much higher twenty-three centuries ago; for all rivers have a tendency to raise themselves, from accumulations of gravel, &c.; the windings

of the stream, also, would be much more as Livy describes them, in the natural state of the river. The present aspect of this tract of country is the result of 2000 years of civilization, and would be very different in those times. There would be much of natural forest remaining, the only cultivation being the square patches of the Roman messores, and these only on the best land. The whole plain would look wild, like a new and half-settled country. One of the greatest physical changes on the earth is produced by the extermination of carnivorous animals; for then the graminivorous become so numerous as to eat up all the young trees, so that the forests rapidly diminish, except those trees which they do not eat, as pines and firs."

July 23, 1840.

19. INSCRIPTIONS.—Between Faenza and Imola, just now, I saw a large building standing back from the road, on the right, with two places somewhat like lodges in front on the road-side. On one of them was the inscription "Labor omnia vicit," and the lines about iron working, ending "Argutæ lamina serræ." On the other were Horace's lines about drinking, without fear of "insanæ leges." Therefore, I suppose that these buildings were an iron foundry, and a public or café; but the classical inscriptions seemed to me characteristic of that foolery of classicalism which marks the Italians, and infects those with us who are called "elegant scholars." It appears to me that in Christian Europe the only book from which quotations are always natural and good as inscriptions for all sorts of places, is the Bible; because every

calling of life has its serious side, if it be not sinful; and a quotation from the Bible relating to it, is taking it on this serious side, which is at once a true side, and a most important one. But iron foundries and publics have no connection with mere book literature, which, to the people concerned most with either, is a thing utterly uncongenial. And inscriptions on such places should be for those who most frequent them: a literary man writing up something upon them, for other literary men to read, is like the impertinence of two scholars talking to each other in Latin at a coach dinner.

Bologna, July 23, 1840.

20. THE PAPAL STATES. And now this is the last night, I trust, in which I shall sleep in the Pope's dominions; for it is impossible not to be sickened with a Government such as this, which discharges no one function decently. The ignorance of the people is prodigious,—how can it be otherwise? The booksellers' shops, sad to behold,—the very opposite of that scribe, instructed to the kingdom of God, who was to bring out of his treasures things new and old,—these scribes, not of the kingdom of God, bring out of their treasures nothing good, either new or old, but the mere rubbish of the past and the present. Other Governments may see an able and energetic sovereign arise, to whom God may give a long reign, so that what he began in youth, he may live to complete in old age. But here every reign must be short for every sovereign comes to the throne an old man, and with no better education than that of a priest.

Where, then, can there be hope under such a system, so contriv'd as it should seem for every evil end, and necessarily exclusive of good? I could muse long and deeply on the state of this country, but could not bring myself to do so; neither do I see, humanly speaking, any gleam of hope. "1517," said Niebuhr, "was a great year 1688;" but where are the symptoms of 1517 here? And if one evil spirit be cast out, there are but seven others yet more evil, if it may be, ready to enter. Wherefore, I have no sympathy with the so-called Liberal party here any more than has Bunsen. They are but types of the counter evil of Popery,—that is, of Jacobinism. The two are obverse and reverse of the coin,—the imprinting of one type on the one side, necessarily brings out the other on the other side; and so in a perpetual series; for [Newmanism] leads to [Socialism], and [Socialism] leads to [Newmanism],—the eternal oscillations of the drunken mima,—the varying vices and vileness of the slave, and the slave broken loose. "Half of our virtue," says Homer, "is torn away when a man becomes a slave," and the other half goes when he becomes a slave broken loose. Wherefore may God grant us freedom from all idolatry, whether of flesh or of spirit; that fearing Him* and loving Him, we may fear and bow down before no idol, and never worshipping what ought not to be worshipped, may so escape the other evil of not worshipping what ought to be worshipped. Good night, my darlings.

* "He fears God thoroughly, and he fears neither man nor Devil beside," was his characteristic description of a thoroughly courageous man.

July 24, 1840.

21. As we are going through this miserable State of Modena, it makes me feel most strongly what it is to be *ἰλλίθης*; πολέως; πολίτης. What earthly thing could induce me to change the condition of an English private gentleman for any conceivable rank or fortune, or authority in Modena? How much of my nature must I surrender; how many faculties must consent to abandon their exercise before the change could be other than intolerable? Feeling this, one can understand the Spartan answer to the Great King's satrap, "Hadst thou known what freedom was, thou wouldest advise us to defend it not with swords, but with axes." "Now there are some, Englishmen unhappily, but most unworthy to be so, who affect to talk of freedom, and a citizen's rights and duties, as things about which a Christian should not care. Like all their other doctrines, this comes out of the shallowness of their little minds, "understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm." True it is, that St. Paul, expecting that the world was shortly to end, tells a man not to care even if he were in a state of personal slavery. That is an endurable evil which will shortly cease, not in itself only, but in its consequences. But even for the few years during which he supposed the world would exist, he says, "if thou mayst be made free, use it rather." For true it is that a great part of the virtues of human nature can scarcely be developed in a state of slavery, whether personal or political. The passive virtues may exist, the active ones suffer. Truth, too, suffers especially; if a man may not declare his convictions when he wishes to do so, he learns to

conceal them also for his own convenience; from being obliged to play the hypocrite for others, he learns to lie on his own account. And as the ceasing to lie is mentioned by St. Paul, as one of the first marks of the renewed nature, so the learning to lie is one of the surest marks of nature unrenewed. True it is, that the first Christians lived under a despotism, and yet that truth, and the active virtues were admirably developed in them. But the first manifestation of Christianity was in all respects of a character so extraordinary as abundantly to make up for the absence of more ordinary instruments for the elevation of the human mind. It is more to the purpose to observe, that immediately after the Apostolic times, the total absence of all civil self-government was one great cause which ruined the government of the Church also, and prepared men for the abominations of the priestly dominion; while on the other hand Guizot has well shown that one great cause of the superiority of the Church to the heathen world, was because in the Church alone there was a degree of freedom and a semblance of political activity; the great bishops, Athanasius and Augustine, although subjects of a despotic ruler in the State, were themselves free citizens and rulers of a great society, in the management of which all the political faculties of the human mind found sufficient exercise. But when the Church is lost in the weakness and falsehood of a priesthood, it can no longer furnish such a field, and there is the greater need therefore of political freedom. But the only perfect and entirely wholesome freedom, is where the Church and the State are both free, and both one.

Then, indeed, there is Civitas Dei, then there is ἀρίστη καὶ τελεότατη τῆς πολίτεω. And now this discussion has brought me nearly half through this Duchy of Modena, for we must be more than half way from Rubbiera to Reggio.

Canton Ticino, July 25, 1840.

22. We have now just passed the Austrian frontier, and are entered into Switzerland, that is into the canton Ticino—Switzerland politically, but Italy still, and for a long time geographically. In comparing this country with central Italy, I observe the verdure of the grass here, and the absence of the olive, and mostly of the fig, and the comparative rarity of the vine. Again, the villages are more scattered over the whole landscape, and not confined to the mountains; and the houses themselves, white and large and with overhanging roofs, and standing wide and free, have no resemblance to the dark masses of uncouth buildings which are squeezed together upon the scanty surface of their mountain platforms in central Italy. Here too is running water in every field—which keeps up this eternal freshness of green. But in central Italy all the forms are more picturesque, the glens are deeper, the hills are bolder, and at the same time softer, besides the indescribable charm thrown over every scene there by the recollection of its antiquities. Still I am not sure that I could justify to another person my own preference beyond all comparison of the country between Antrodoco and Terni over this between Como and Lugano. Mola di Gaeta, Naples, Terracina, and Vietri, having the sea in their landscape, cannot fairly be brought into comparison.

23. GEOGRAPHY OF ITALY.

From the Lectures on Modern History, pp. 127—130.

“ The mere plain geography of Italy gives us its shape, as I have observed, and the position of its towns; to these it may add a semicircle of mountains round the northern boundary, to represent the Alps; and another long line stretching down the middle of the country to represent the Apennines. But let us carry on this a little farther, and give life and meaning and harmony to what is at present at once lifeless and confused. Observe in the first place, how the Apennine line, beginning from the southern extremity of the Alps, runs across Italy to the very edge of the Adriatic, and thus separates naturally the Italy Proper of the Romans from Cisalpine Gaul. Observe, again, how the Alps, after running north and south where they divide Italy from France, turn then away to the eastward, running almost parallel to the Apennines, till they too touch the head of the Adriatic, on the confines of Istria. Thus between these two lines of mountains there is enclosed one great basin or plain; enclosed on three sides by mountains, open only on the east to the sea. Observe how widely it spreads itself out, and then see how well it is watered. One great river flows through it in its whole extent; and this is fed by streams almost unnumbered, descending towards it on either side, from the Alps on one side, and from the Apennines on the other. Who can wonder that this large and rich and well-watered plain should be filled with flourishing cities, or that it should have been contended for so often by successive invaders? Then descending into Italy Proper, we find the complexity

of its geography quite in accordance with its manifold political divisions. It is not one simple central ridge of mountains, leaving a broad belt of level country on either side between it and the sea; nor yet is it a chain rising immediately from the sea on one side, like the Andes in South America, and leaving room therefore on the other side for wide plains of table-land, and for rivers with a sufficient length of course to become at last great and navigable. It is a back-bone thickly set with spines of unequal length, some of them running out at regular distances parallel to each other, but others twisted so strangely that they often run for a long way parallel to the back-bone, or main ridge, and interlace with one another in a maze almost inextricable. And as if to complete the disorder, in those spots where the spines of the Apennines, being twisted round, run parallel to the sea and to their own central chain, and thus leave an interval of plain between their bases and the Mediterranean, volcanic agency has broken up the space thus left with other and distinct groups of hills of its own creation, as in the case of Vesuvius and of the Alban hills near Rome. Speaking generally, then, Italy is made up of an infinite multitude of valleys pent in between high and steep hills, each forming a country to itself, and cut off by natural barriers from the others. Its several parts are isolated by nature, and no art of man can thoroughly unite them. Even the various provinces of the same kingdom are strangers to each other; the Abruzzi are like an unknown world to the inhabitants of Naples, in so much that when two Neapolitan naturalists not ten years since made an excursion to visit the Majella, one

of the highest of the central Apennines, they found there many medicinal plants growing in the greatest profusion, which the Neapolitans were regularly in the habit of importing from other countries, as no one suspected their existence within their own kingdom. Hence arises the romantic character of Italian scenery: the constant combination of a mountain outline, and all the wild features of a mountain country, with the rich vegetation of a southern climate in the valleys: hence, too, the rudeness, the pastoral simplicity, and the occasional robber habits, to be found in the population; so that to this day you may travel in many places for miles together in the plains and valleys without passing through a single town or village: for the towns still cluster on the mountain sides, the houses nestling together on some scanty ledge, with cliffs rising above them, and sinking down abruptly below them; the very "*congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis*" of Virgil's description, which he even then called "antique walls," because they had been the strongholds of the primeval inhabitants of the country; and which are still inhabited after a lapse of so many centuries, nothing of the stir and movement of other parts of Europe having penetrated into these lonely valleys, and tempted the people to quit their mountain fastnesses for a more accessible dwelling in the plain."

July 28, 1840.

24. Swiss HISTORY.—Left Amsteg 6.50. The beauty of the lower part of this valley is perfect. The morning is fine, so that we see the tops of the mountains, which rise 9000 feet above the sea directly from the valley.

Huge precipices, crowned with pines, rising out of pines, and with pines between them, succeed below to the crags and glaciers. Then in the valley itself, green *hows*, with walnuts and pears, and wild cherries, and the gardens of these picturesque Swiss cottages, scattered about over them ; and the roaring Reuss, the only inharmonious element where he is,—yet he himself not incapable of being made harmonious if taken in a certain point of view, at the very bottom of all. This is the Canton Uri, one of the Wald Staaten, or Forest Cantons, which were the original germ of the Swiss confederacy. But Uri, like Sparta, has to answer the question, what has mankind gained over and above the ever precious example of noble deeds, from Murgarten, Sempach, or Thermopylae. What the world has gained by Salamis and Platæa, and by Zama, is on the other hand no question, any more than it ought to be a question what the world has gained by the defeat of Philip's armada, or by Trafalgar and Waterloo. But if a nation only does great deeds that it may live, and does not show some worthy object for which it has lived, and Uri and Switzerland have shown but too little of any such, then our sympathy with the great deeds of their history can hardly go beyond the generation by which those deeds were performed ; and I cannot help thinking of the mercenary Swiss of Novaro and Marignano, and of the oppression exercised over the Italian bailiwicks and the Pays de Vaud, and all the tyrannical exclusiveness of these little barren oligarchies, as much as of the heroic deeds of the three men, Tell and his comrades, or of the self-devotion of my namesake of Winkelried,

when at Sempach he received into his breast "a sheaf of Austrian spears."

Steamer on the Lake of Luzern, July 29, 1840.

25. SWISS LAKES.—We arrived at Fluelen about half-past eight, and having had some food, and most commendable food it was, we are embarked on the Lake of Luzern, and have already passed Brünnen, and are outside the region of the high Alps. It would be difficult certainly for a Swiss to admire our lakes, because he would ask, what is there here which we have not, and which we have not on a larger scale. I cannot deny that the meadows here are as green as ours, the valleys richer, the woods thicker, the cliffs grander, the mountains by measurement twice or three times higher. And if Switzerland were my home and country, the English lakes and mountains would certainly never tempt me to travel to see them, destitute as they are of all historical interest. In fact, Switzerland is to Europe, what Cumberland and Westmoreland are to Lancashire and Yorkshire; the general summer touring place. But all country that is actually beautiful is capable of affording to those who live in it the highest pleasure of scenery, which no country, however beautiful, can do to those who merely travel in it; and thus while I do not dispute the higher interest of Switzerland to a Swiss, (no Englishman ought to make another country his home, and therefore I do not speak of Englishmen,) I must still maintain that to me Fairfield is a hundred times more beautiful than the Rigi, and Windermere than the lakes of the Four Cantons. Not that I think

this is overvalued by travellers, it cannot be so; but most people undervalue greatly what mountains are when they form a part of our daily life, and combine not with our hours of leisure, of wandering, and of enjoyment, but with those of home life, of work, and of duty. Luzern, July 29. We accomplished the passage of the lake in about three hours, and most beautiful it was all the way. And now, as in 1827, I recognize the forms of our common English country, and should be bidding adieu to mountains, and preparing merely for our Rugby lanes and banks, and Rugby work, were it not for the delightful excrescence of a tour which we hope to make to Fox How, and three or four days' enjoyment of our own mountains, hallowed by our English Church, and hallowed scarcely less by our English Law. Alas, the difference between Church and Law, and clergy and lawyers; but so in human things the concrete ever adds unworthiness to the abstract. I have been sure for many years that the subsiding of a tour, if I may so speak, is quite as delightful as its swelling; I call it its subsiding, when one passes by common things indifferently, and even great things with a fainter interest, because one is so strongly thinking of home and of the returning to ordinary relations and duties.

July 29, 1840.

26. Swiss LOWLANDS.—We have left the mountains and lakes of Switzerland, and are entering upon the Lowlands, which like those of Scotland are always unduly depreciated by being compared with their Highlands. The Swiss Lowlands are a beautiful country of hill or

valley—never flat, and never barren;—a country like the best parts of Shropshire or Worcestershire. They are beautifully watered—almost all the rivers flowing out of lakes, and keeping a full body of water all the year; and they are extremely well wooded, besides the wooded appearance given to the country by its numerous walnut, pear, and apple trees. They are also a well-inhabited and apparently a flourishing country; nor could I ever discern that difference between the Protestant and Catholic Cantons, under similar circumstances, which some of our writers have seen or fancied. As for the present aspect of the country—the corn is cutting but not cut; and much of it has been sadly laid. Vines there are none hereabouts, nor maize, but plenty of good grass, apple, and pear trees, and walnuts numberless,—hemp, potatoes, and corn. The views behind the mountains are and will be magnificent all the way till we get over the Hauenstein hills, the continuation of the Jura, and we are now ascending from the valley of the Reuss to get over to the feeder of the Aar—the great river of the Bernese Oberland and of Bern.

August 6, 1840.

27. Arrived at St. Omer.—And Pavé is dead, and we have left our last French town except Calais, and all things and feelings French seem going to sleep in me,—cares of carriage—cares of passport—cares of inns—cares of postilions and of Pavé, and there revive within me the habitual cares of my life, which for the last seven weeks have slumbered. In many things the beginning and end are different, in few more so than in

a tour. “*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,*” is in my case doubly false. My mind changes twice, from my home self to my travelling self, and then to my home self back again. On this day seven weeks I travelled this very stage; its appearance in that interval is no doubt altered; flowers are gone by, and corn is yellow which was green; but I am changed even more—changed in my appetites and in my impressions; for then I craved locomotion and rest from mental work—now I desire to remain still as to place, and to set my mind to work again;—then I looked at everything on the road with interest, drinking in eagerly a sense of the reality of foreign objects—now I only notice our advance homeward, and foreign objects seem to be things with which I have no concern. But it is not that I feel any way tired of things and persons French, only that I do so long for things and persons English. I never felt more keenly the wish to see the peace between the two countries perpetual; never could I be more indignant at the folly and wickedness which on both sides of the water are trying to rekindle the flames of war. The one effect of the last war ought to be to excite in both nations the greatest mutual respect. France, with the aid of half Europe, could not conquer England; England, with the aid of all Europe, never could have overcome France, had France been zealous and united in Napoleon’s quarrel. When Napoleon saw kings and princes bowing before him at Dresden, Wellington was advancing victoriously in Spain; when a million of men in 1815 were invading France, Napoleon engaged for three days with two armies, each singly equal to his

own, and was for two days victorious. Equally and utterly false are the follies uttered by silly men of both countries, about the certainty of one beating the other. Οὐ τολὺ διαφίει ἀνθρώπος ἀνθρώπου, is especially applicable here. When Englishmen and Frenchmen meet in war, each may know that they will meet in the other all a soldier's qualities, skill, activity, and undaunted courage, with bodies able to do the bidding of the spirit either in action or in endurance. England and France may do each other incalculable mischief by going to war, both physically and morally; but they can gain for themselves, or hope to gain nothing. It were an accursed wish in either to wish to destroy the other, and happily the wish would be as utterly vain as it would be wicked.

August 6, 1840.

28. Left Dover 7.45. What am I to say of this perfect road and perfect posting; of the greenness and neatness of everything, the delicate miniature scale of the country,—the art of the painter held in honour, and extending even to barns and railings,—of the manifest look of spring and activity and business which appears in everybody's movements? The management of the Commissioner at Dover in getting the luggage through the Custom House, was a model of method and expedition, and so was the attendance at the inns. All this fills me with many thoughts, amongst which the prevailing one certainly is not pride: for with the sight of all this there instantly comes into my mind the thought of our sad plague spots, the canker worm in this beautiful and goodly fruit corrupting it

within. But I will not dwell on this now,—personally, I may indulge in the unspeakable delight of being once again in our beloved country, with our English Church and English Law.

August 7, 1840.

29. Even whilst I write, the houses of the neighbourhood of London are being left behind, and these bright green quiet fields of Middlesex are succeeding one another like lightning. So we have passed London —no one can tell when again I may revisit it;—and foreign parts, having now all London between me and them, are sunk away into an unreality, while Rugby and Fox How are growing very substantial. We are now just at Harrow; and here too harvest, I see, has begun. And now we are in Hertfordshire, crossing the valley of the Coln at Watford. Watford station 5.54. Left it 5.56. Tring station 6.28. Left it 6.30. And now we are descending the chalk escarpment, and it may be some time before I set my eyes upon chalk again. Here, too, in Buckinghamshire I see that the harvest is begun. Leighton Buzzard station 6.48. Left it 6.51. This speed is marvellous, for we have not yet been two hours on our journey, and here we are in the very bowels of the kingdom, above 110 miles from Dover, and not quite 240 from you, my boys. Here is the iron sand, and we shall soon come upon our old friend the Oolite. The country looks delicious under the evening sun, so green and rich and peaceful. Wolverton station, and the food 7.15. Left it 7.27. Blisworth station 7.53. Left it 7.56. And now we are fairly in Northamptonshire, and in our own Rugby

country in a manner, because we come here on the Kingsthorpe clay.

August 9, 1840.

30. Left Miln thorpe 6.21. My last day's journal, I hope, dearest, and then the faithful inkstand which has daily hung at my button hole may retire to his deserved rest. Our tea last night was incomparable; such ham, such bread and butter, such cake, and then came this morning a charge of 4s. 6d. for our joint bed and board; when those scoundrels in Italy, whose very life is robbery, used to charge double and triple for their dog fare and filthy rooms. Bear witness Capua, and that vile Swiss-Italian woman whom I could wish to have been in Capua (Casilinum) when Hannibal besieged it, and when she must either have eaten her shoes, or been eaten herself by some neighbour, if she had not been too tough and indigestible. But, dearest, there are other thoughts within me as I look out on this delicious valley (we are going down to Levens) on this Sunday morning. How calm and beautiful is everything, and here, as we know, how little marred by any extreme poverty. And yet do these hills and valleys, any more than those of the Apennines, send up an acceptable incense? Both do as far as nature is concerned—our softer glory and that loftier glory each in their kind render their homage, and God's work so far is still very good. But with our just laws and pure faith, and here with a wholesome state of property besides, is there yet the Kingdom of God here any more than in Italy? How can there be? For the Kingdom of God is the perfect development of the

Church of God: and when Priestcraft destroyed the Church, the Kingdom of God became an impossibility. We have now entered the Winster Valley, and are got precisely to our own slates again, which we left yesterday week in the Vosges. The strawberries and raspberries hang red to the sight by the road-side; and the turf and flowers are more delicately beautiful than anything which I have seen abroad. The mountains, too, are in their softest haze; I have seen Old Man and the Langdale Pikes rising behind the nearer hills most beautifully. We have just opened on Windermere, and vain it is to talk of any earthly beauty ever equalling this country in my eyes; when, mingling with every form and sound and fragrance, comes the full thought of domestic affections, and of national, and of Christian; here is our own house and home—here are our own country's laws and language—and here is our English Church. No Mola di Gaeta, no valley of the Velino, no Salerno or Vietri, no Lago di Pie di Lugo can rival to me this vale of Windermere, and of the Rotha. And here it lies in the perfection of its beauty, the deep shadows on the unruffled water—the haze investing Fairfield with everything solemn and undefined. Arrived at Bowness 8.20. Left it at 8.31. Passing Ragrigg Gate 8.37. On the Bowness Terrace 8.45. Over Troutbeck Bridge 8.51. Here is Eccle-rigg 8.58. And here Lowood Inn 9.4 $\frac{1}{2}$. And here Waterhead and our ducking bench 9.12. The valley opens—Ambleside, and Rydal Park, and the gallery on Loughrigg. Rotha Bridge 9.16. And here is the poor humbled Rotha, and Mr. Brancker's cut, and the New Millar Bridge 9.21. Alas! for the alders gone

and succeeded by a stiff wall. Here is the Rotha in his own beauty, and here is poor T. Flemming's Field, and our own mended gate. Dearest children, may we meet happily. Entered FOX HOW, and the birch copse at 9.25, and here ends journal.—Walter first saw us, and gave notice of our approach. We found all our dear children well, and Fox How in such beauty, that no scene in Italy appeared in my eyes comparable to it. We breakfasted, and at a quarter before eleven, I had the happiness of once more going to an English Church, and that Church our own beloved Rydal Chapel.

XI. TOUR IN SOUTH OF FRANCE.

July 4, 1841.

1. I have been reading Bunsen's Liturgy for the Holy or Passion Week, with his Introduction. He has spoken out many truths which to the wretched theology of our schools would be startling and shocking; but they are not hard truths, but real Christian truths spoken in love, such as St. Paul spoke, and was called profane by the Judaizers for doing so. It will be a wonderful day when the light breaks in upon our High Churchmen and Evangelicals: how many it will dazzle and how many it will enlighten, God only knows: but it will be felt, and the darkness will be broken up before it.

Between Angoulême and Bordeaux, July 7, 1841.

2. Left Barbiceaux 10.35, very rich and beautiful. It is not properly southern, for there are neither olives

nor figs; nor is it northern, for the vines and maize are luxuriant. It is properly France, with its wide landscapes, no mountains, but slopes and hills; its luminous air, its spread of cultivation, with the vines and maize and walnuts, mixed with the ripe corn, as brilliant in colouring as it is rich in its associations. I never saw a brighter or a fresher landscape. Green hedges line the road; the hay, just cut, is fragrant; everything is really splendid for man's physical well-being:—it is Kent six degrees nearer the sun. Nor are there wanting church towers enough to sanctify the scene, if one could believe that with the stone church there was also the living Church, and not the accursed Priestcraft. But, alas! a Priest is not a Church, but that which renders a Church impossible.

July 10, 1841.

3. I find that the dialect here is not Basque after all, but Gascon, that is, merely a Lingua Romana, more or less differing from the northern French. I fancied that I could understand some of the words, which I certainly could not have done in Basque. The postmaster of S. Paul les Dax, a good-humoured loquacious old gentleman, told me that “une femme” in their patois was “une Henne,” a curious instance of the H taking the place of the F, as in Spanish, Hijo for Filius. Close by the last post we saw the church spire of Pouy, the native place of Vincentius of Paula, a man worthy of all memory. I have just seen the PYRENEES, lowering down towards the sea, but with very high mountains to the left or eastward: we should have seen more of them if it had not been for the

clouds, which are still dark and black to the southward. These are the first mountains that I have seen since I last saw our own: between Westmoreland and the Pyrenees there are none. The near country is still the same, but less of the pine forest.

St. Jean de Luz, July 11, 1841.

4. It is this very day year that we were at Mola di Gaeta together, and I do not suppose it possible to conceive a greater contrast than Mola di Gaeta on the 11th of July, 1840, and S. Jean de Luz on the 11th of July, 1841. The lake-like calm of that sea, and the howling fury of this ocean,—the trees few and meagre, shivering from the blast of the Atlantic, and the umbrageous bed of oranges, peaches, and pomegranates, which there delighted in the freshness of that gentle water;—the clear sky and bright moon, and the dark mass of clouds and drizzle,—the remains of Roman palaces and the fabled scene of Homer's poetry, and a petty French fishing town, with its coasting Chasse-Marées: these are some of the points of the contrast. Yet those vile Italians are the refuse of the Roman slaves, crossed by a thousand conquests; and these Basques are the very primeval Iberians, who were the most warlike of the nations of the West, before the Kelts had ever come near the shores of the Mediterranean. And the little pier, which I have been just looking at, was the spot where Sir Charles Penrose found the Duke of Wellington alone at the dead of night, when, anxious about the weather for the passage of the Adour, he wished to observe its earliest signs before other men had left their beds.

July 12, 1841.

5. FIRST VIEW OF SPAIN.—Just out of Irun, sitting on a stone by the road-side. We have left our carriage in France, and walked over the Bidassoa to Irun, which is about a mile and a half from the bridge. We went through the town, and out of it to some high ground, where we had the old panorama. The views on every side are magnificent. There is the mouth of the Bidassoa, Fontarabia on one side and Audaye on the other; and the sea blue now like the Mediterranean. Then on the other side are the mountains: San Marcial on its rocky summit, and the adjoining mountains with their sides perfectly green, deep-wooded combes, fern and turf on the slopes, mingled, as in our own mountains, with crags and cliffs. And just now I saw a silver stream falling down in a deep-wooded ghyll to complete the likeness. Around me are the crops of maize, and here too are houses scattered over the country, but less neat-looking, and fewer than in France. For the town itself, I shall speak of it hereafter.

Biobi.—We are just returned from Spain, and are again seated in our carriage to return to Bayonne. Now what have I seen in Spain worth notice? The very instant that we crossed the Bidassoa, the road, which in France is perfect, became utterly bad, and the street of Irun itself was intolerable. The town, in its style of building, resembled the worst towns of central Italy; the galleries on the outside of the houses, the overhanging roofs, and the absence of glass. It strikes me that if this same style prevails both in Spain and Italy, where modern improvement has

not reached, it must be of very great antiquity; derived, perhaps, from the time when both countries were united under a common Government, the Roman: unless it is to be traced to the Spanish ascendancy in Italy, which indeed it may be. Behind Irun, towards the interior, are two sugar-loaf mountains very remarkable. The hill sides are all covered with dwarf oaks, not ilex, which look, at a distance, like the apple-trees of Picardy, with just that round cabbage-like head.

6. GEOGRAPHY OF SPAIN.

From the History of Rome, vol. iii. p. 391.

“ The Spanish peninsula, joined to the main body of Europe by the isthmus of the Pyrenees, may be likened to one of the round bastion towers which stand out from the walls of an old fortified town, lofty at once and massy. Spain rises from the Atlantic on one side, and the Mediterranean on the other, not into one or two thin lines of mountains divided by vast tracts of valleys or low plains, but into a huge tower, as I have called it, of table-land, from which the mountains themselves rise again like the battlements on the summit. The plains of Castile are mountain plains, raised nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea; and the elevation of the city of Madrid is nearly double that of the top of Arthur’s seat, the hill or mountain which overhangs Edinburgh. Accordingly the centre of Spain, notwithstanding its genial latitude, only partially enjoys the temperature of a southern climate; while some of the valleys of Andalusia, which lie near the sea,

present the vegetation of the tropics, the palm tree, the banana, and the sugar cane. Thus the southern coast seemed to invite an early civilization; while the interior, with its bleak and arid plains, was fitted to remain for centuries the stronghold of barbarism."

Near Agen, July 14.

7. For some time past the road has been a terrace above the lower bank of the Garonne, which is flowing in great breadth and majesty below us.

From these heights, in clear weather, you can see the Pyrenees, but now the clouds hang darkly over them. One thing I should have noticed of Agen, that it is the birth-place of Joseph Scaliger, in some respects the Niebuhr of the seventeenth century, but rather the Bentley: morally far below Niebuhr; and though, like Bentley, almost rivalling him in acuteness, and approaching somewhat to him in knowledge, yet altogether without his wisdom.

Auch, July 14, 1841.

8. At supper, we were reading a Paris paper, *Le Siècle*; but the one thing which struck me, and rejoiced my very heart, was an advertisement in it of a most conspicuous kind, and in very large letters, of *LA SAINTE BIBLE*, announcing an edition, in numbers, of De Sacy's French translation of it. I can conceive nothing but good from such a thing. May God prosper it to His glory, and the salvation of souls; it was a joyful and a blessed sight to see it.

Bourges, July 18.

9. We found the afternoon service going on at the Cathedral, and the Archbishop, with his priests and the choristers, were going round the church in procession, chaunting some of their hymns, and with a great multitude of people following them. The effect was very fine, and I again lamented our neglect of our cathedrals, and the absurd confusion in so many men's minds between what is really Popery and what is but wisdom and beauty, adopted by the Roman Catholics and neglected by us.

Paris, July 20, 1841.

10. I have been observing the people in the streets very carefully, and their general expression is not agreeable, that of the young men especially. The newspapers seem all gone mad together, and these disturbances at Toulouse are very sad and unsatisfactory. If that advertisement which I saw about La Sainte Bible be found to answer, that would be the great specific for France. And what are our prospects at home with the Tory Government? and how long will it be before Chartist again forces itself upon our notice? So where is the hope, humanly speaking, of things bettering, or are the *λοιμοί* and *λιμοί*, *πόλεμοι* and *άκοαι πολέμων*, ready to herald a new advent of the Lord to judgment? The questions concerning our state appear to me so perplexing, that I cannot even in theory see their solution. We have not and cannot yet solve the problem, how the happiness of mankind is reconcilable with the necessity of pain-

ful labour. The happiness of a part can be secured easily enough, their ease being provided for by others' labour; but how can the happiness of the generality be secured, who must labour of necessity painfully? How can he who labours hard for his daily bread—hardly, and with doubtful success—be made wise and good, and therefore how can he be made happy? This question undoubtedly the Church was meant to solve; for Christ's Kingdom was to undo the evil of Adam's sin; but the Church has not solved it, nor attempted to do so; and no one else has gone about it rightly. This is the great bar to education. How can a poor man find time to be educated? You may establish schools, but he will not have time to attend them, for a few years of early boyhood are no more enough to give education, than the spring months can do the summer's work when the summer is all cold and rainy. But I must go to bed and try to get home to you and to work, for there is great need of working. God bless you, my dearest wife, with all our darlings.

Boulogne, July 23, 1841.

11. Our tour is ended, and I grieve to say that it has left on my mind a more unfavourable impression of France than I have been wont to feel. I do not doubt the great mass of good which must exist, but the active elements, those, at least, which are on the surface, seem to be working for evil. The virulence of the newspapers against England is, I think, a very bad omen, and the worship which the people seem to pay to Napoleon's memory is also

deeply to be regretted. But it is the misfortune of France that her "past" cannot be loved or respected; her future and her present cannot be wedded to it; yet how can the present yield fruit, or the future have promise, except their roots be fixed in the past? The evil is infinite, but the blame rests with those who made the past a dead thing, out of which no healthful life could be produced.

. Much as I like coming abroad, I am never for an instant tempted to live abroad; not even in Germany, where assuredly I would settle, if I were obliged to quit England. But not the strongest Tory or Conservative values our Church or Law more than I do, or would find life less liveable without them. Indeed it is very hard to me to think that those can value either who can see their defects with indifference: or that those can value them worthily, that is, can appreciate their idea, who do not see wherein they fall short of their idea. And now I close this Journal for the present, praying that God may bless us, and keep us in worldly good or evil in Himself and in His Son. Amen.

EXTRACTS .
FROM THE
LIFE AND LETTERS.

It has been thought that the following Extracts, as expressions of Dr. Arnold's general views on the subjects in which he took most interest, will form a fitting accompaniment to the Journals.

EDUCATION.

PRIVATE TUTORS.

1831. *Life*, p. 27.

1. PRIVATE TUITION.—I know it has a bad name, but my wife and I always happened to be fond of it, and if I were to leave Rugby for no demerit of my own, I would take to it again with all the pleasure in life. I enjoyed, and do enjoy, the society of youths of seventeen or eighteen, for they are all alive in limbs and spirits at least, if not in mind, while in older persons the body and spirits often become lazy and languid without the mind gaining any vigour to compensate for it. Do not take your work as a dose, and I do not think you will find it nauseous. I am sure you will not, if your wife does not, and if she is a sensible woman, she will not either if you do not. The misery of private tuition seems to me to consist in this, that men enter upon it as a means to some further end; are always impatient for the time when they may lay it aside; whereas if you enter upon it heartily as your life's business, as a man enters upon any other profession, you are not then in danger of grudging every hour you give to it, and thinking of how much privacy and how much society it is robbing you; but you take to it as a

matter of course, making it your material occupation, and devote your time to it, and then you find that it is in itself full of interest, and keeps life's current fresh and wholesome by bringing you in such perpetual contact with all the spring of youthful liveliness. I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can. I did this continually more and more before I left Laleham, going to bathe with them, leaping and all other gymnastic exercises within my capacity, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them. They I believe always liked it, and I enjoyed it myself like a boy, and found myself constantly the better for it.

1839. *Life*, p. 473.

2. You need not think that your own reading will now have no object, because you are engaged with young boys. Every improvement of your own powers and knowledge, tells immediately upon them ; and indeed I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind ; it is drinking out of a pond, instead of from a spring. And whatever you read tends generally to your own increase of power, and will be felt by you in a hundred ways hereafter.

3. QUALIFICATIONS FOR A TEACHER.

1830. *Life*, p. 112.

For nineteen out of twenty boys, ordinary men may be quite sufficient, but the twentieth, the boy of real talents, who is more important than the others, is liable

even to suffer injury from not being early placed under the training of one whom he can, on close inspection, look up to as his superior in something besides mere knowledge. The dangers are of various kinds. One boy may acquire a contempt for the information itself, which he sees possessed by a man whom he feels nevertheless to be far below him. Another will fancy himself as much above nearly all the world as he feels he is above his own tutor; and will become self-sufficient and scornful. A third will believe it to be his duty, as a point of humility, to bring himself down intellectually to a level with one whom he feels bound to reverence, and thus there have been instances, where the veneration of a young man of ability for a teacher of small powers has been like a millstone round the neck of an eagle.

1840. *Life*, p. 530.

4. It was a wise injunction to Timothy, "to be instant in season and out of season," because we so often fancy that a word would be out of season when it would in fact be seasonable. And I believe I often say too little from a dread of saying too much. Here, as in secular knowledge, he is the best teacher of others who is best taught himself; that which we know and love we cannot but communicate; that which we know and do not love we soon, I think, cease to know.

5. QUALIFICATIONS FOR A SCHOOLMASTER.

1828. *Life*, p. 180.

I trust, I feel how great and solemn a duty I have to fulfil, and that I shall be enabled to fulfil it by that

help which can alone give the “Spirit of power and love, and of a sound mind ;” the three great requisites, I imagine, in a schoolmaster.

1830. *Life*, p. 84.

6. The qualifications which I deem essential to the due performance of a master’s duties here may, in brief, be expressed as the spirit of a Christian, and a gentleman,—that a man should enter upon his business not *παρίγγειον*, but as a substantive and most important duty ; that he should devote himself to it as the especial branch of the ministerial calling which he has chosen to follow —that belonging to a great public institution, and standing in a public and conspicuous situation, he should study things “lovely and of good report ;” that is, that he should be public-spirited, liberal, and entering heartily into the interest, honour, and general respectability and distinction of the society which he has joined ; and that he should have sufficient vigour of mind and thirst for knowledge, to persist in adding to his own stores without neglecting the full improvement of those whom he is teaching.

1830. *Life*, p. 492.

7. Liveliness seems to me an essential condition of sympathy with creatures so lively as boys are naturally, and it is a great matter to make them understand that liveliness is not folly or thoughtlessness. Now I think the prevailing manner amongst many very valuable men at Oxford is the very opposite to liveliness ; not at all from affectation, but from natural temper, encouraged, perhaps, rather than checked, by a belief that it is right and becoming. But this appears to me to

be in point of manner the great difference between a clergyman with a parish and a schoolmaster. It is an illustration of St. Paul's rule, "Rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep." A clergyman's intercourse is very much with the sick and the poor, where liveliness would be greatly misplaced; but a schoolmaster's is with the young, the strong, and the happy, and he cannot get on with them unless in animal spirits he can sympathize with them, and show them that his thoughtfulness is not connected with selfishness and weakness. At least, this applies, I think, to a young man; for when a teacher gets to an advanced age, gravity, I suppose, would not misbecome him, for liveliness might then seem unnatural, and his sympathy with boys must be limited, I suppose, then, to their great interests rather than their feelings.

8. DIFFICULTIES OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

1830. *Life*, p. 213.

It is quite awful to watch the strength of evil in such young minds, and how powerless is every effort against it. It would give the vainest man alive a very fair notion of his own insufficiency, to see how little he can do, and how his most earnest addresses are as a cannon ball on a bolster; thorough careless unimpressibility beats one all to pieces. And so it is, and so it will be; and, as far as I am concerned, I can quite say that it is much better that it should be so; for it would be too kindling, could one perceive these young minds really led from evil by one's own efforts; one would be sorely tempted to bow down to one's own net.

1838. Life, p. 402.

9. A public school never can present images of rest and peace; and when the spring and activity of youth is altogether unsanctified by anything pure and elevated in its desires, it becomes a spectacle that is as dizzying and almost more morally distressing than the shouts and gambols of a set of lunatics. It is very startling to see so much of sin combined with so little of sorrow. In a parish, amongst the poor, whatever of sin exists, there is sure also to be enough of suffering; poverty, sickness, and old age are mighty tamers and chastisers. But, with boys of the richer classes, one sees nothing but plenty, health, and youth; and these are really awful to behold, when one must feel that they are unblessed. On the other hand, few things are more beautiful, than when one does see all holy and noble thoughts and principles, not the forced growth of pain or infirmity or privation; but springing up as by God's immediate planting, in a sort of garden of all that is fresh and beautiful; full of so much hope for this world as well as for Heaven.

1840. Life, p. 137.

10. I have just had some of the troubles of school-keeping; and one of those specimens of the evil of boy-nature, which makes me always unwilling to undergo the responsibility of advising any man to send his son to a public school. There has been a system of persecution carried on by the bad against the good, and then, when complaint was made to me, there came fresh persecution on that very account; and divers instances of boys joining in it out of pure cowardice, both physical and moral, when if left to themselves they would have

rather shunned it. And the exceedingly small number of boys, who can be relied on for active and steady good on these occasions, and the way in which the decent and respectable of ordinary life (Carlyle's "Shams") are sure on these occasions to swim with the stream, and take part with the evil, makes me strongly feel exemplified what the Scripture says about the straight gate and the wide one,—a view of human nature, which, when looking on human life in its full dress of decencies and civilisations, we are apt, I imagine, to find it hard to realize. But here, in the nakedness of boy-nature, one is quite able to understand how there could not be found so many as even ten righteous in a whole city. And how to meet this evil I really do not know; but to find it thus rife after I have been so many years fighting against it is so sickening, that it is very hard not to throw up the cards in despair, and upset the table. But then the stars of nobleness, which I see amidst the darkness, in the case of the few good, are so cheering, that one is inclined to stick to the ship again, and have another good try at getting her about.

1840. *Life*, p. 98.

11. My own school experience has taught me the monstrous evil of a state of low principle prevailing amongst those who set the tone to the rest. I can neither theoretically nor practically defend our public-school system, where the boys are left so very much alone to form a distinct society of their own, unless you assume that the upper class shall be capable of being in a manner *μεστα* between the masters and the mass of the boys, that is, shall be capable

of receiving and transmitting to the rest, through their example and influence, right principles of conduct, instead of those extremely low ones which are natural to a society of boys left wholly to form their own standard of right and wrong. Now, when I get any in this part of the school who are not to be influenced—who have neither the will nor the power to influence others—not from being intentionally bad, but from very low wit, and extreme childishness or coarseness of character—the evil is so great, not only negatively but positively, (for their low and false views are greedily caught up by those below them,) that I know not how to proceed, or how to hinder the school from becoming a place of education for evil rather than for good, except by getting rid of such persons. And then comes the difficulty, that the parents who see their sons only at home—that is just where the points of character, which are so injurious here, are not called into action—can scarcely be brought to understand why they should remove them; and having, as most people have, only the most vague ideas as to the real nature of a public school, they cannot understand what harm they are receiving or doing to others, if they do not get into some palpable scrape, which very likely they never would do. More puzzling still is it, when you have many boys of this description, so that the evil influence is really very great, and yet there is not one of the set whom you would set down as a really bad fellow if taken alone; but most of them would really do very well if they were not together and in a situation where, unluckily, their age and size leads them,

unavoidably, to form the laws and guide the opinion of their society ; whereas, they are wholly unfit to lead others, and are so slow at receiving good influences themselves, that they want to be almost exclusively with older persons, instead of being principally with younger ones.

STUDY.

1835. *Life*, p. 336.

12. It is a very hard thing, I suppose, to read at once passionately and critically, by no means to be cold, captious, sneering, or scoffing ; to admire greatness and goodness with an intense love and veneration, yet to judge all things ; to be the slave neither of names nor of parties, and to sacrifice even the most beautiful associations for the sake of truth. I would say, as a good general rule, never read the works of any ordinary man, except on scientific matters, or when they contain simple matters of fact. Even on matters of fact, silly and ignorant men, however honest and industrious in their particular subject, require to be read with constant watchfulness and suspicion ; whereas great men are always instructive, even amidst much of error on particular points. In general, however, I hold it to be certain, that the truth is to be found in the great men, and the error in the little ones.

TRANSLATION.

1836. *Life*, p. 388.

13. My delight in going over Homer and Virgil with the boys makes me think what a treat it must be to teach Shakspeare to a good class of young Greeks in re-

generate Athens ; to dwell upon him line by line, and word by word, in the way that nothing but a translation lesson ever will enable one to do ; and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would after a time almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped as it were in such an atmosphere of brilliance. And how could this ever be done without having the process of construing, as the grosser medium through which alone all the beauty can be transmitted, because else we travel too fast, and more than half of it escapes us ?

14. STUDY OF THE CLASSICAL LANGUAGES.

1837. *Life*, p. 105.

The study of language seems to me as if it was given for the very purpose of forming the human mind in youth ; and the Greek and Latin languages, in themselves so perfect, and at the same time freed from the insuperable difficulty which must attend any attempt to teach boys philology through the medium of their own spoken language, seem the very instruments, by which this is to be effected.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

1. DIFFICULTIES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

1819. *Life*, p. 45.

THE benefits which I have received from my Oxford friendships have been so invaluable, as relating to

points of the very highest importance, that it is impossible for me ever to forget them, or to cease to look on them as the greatest blessings I have ever yet enjoyed in life, and for which I have the deepest reason to be most thankful. Being then separated from you all, I am most anxious that absence should not be allowed to weaken the regard we bear each other; and besides, I cannot forego that advice and assistance which I have so long been accustomed to rely on, and with which I cannot as yet at least safely dispense; for the management of my own mind is a thing so difficult, and brings me into contact with much that is so strangely mysterious, that I stand at times quite bewildered, in a chaos where I can see no light either before or behind. How much of all this is constitutional and physical, I cannot tell, perhaps a great deal of it; yet it is surely dangerous to look upon all the struggles of the mind as arising from the state of the body or the weather, and so resolve to bestow no attention upon them. Indeed, I think I have far more reason to be annoyed at the extraordinary apathy and abstraction from everything good which the routine of the world's business brings with it; there are whole days in which all the feelings or principles of belief, or of religion altogether, are in utter abeyance; when one goes on very comfortably, pleased with external and worldly comforts, and yet would find it difficult, if told to inquire, to find a particle of Christian principle in one's whole mind. It seems all quite moved out bodily, and one retains no consciousness of a belief in any one religious truth, but is living a life of *virtual Atheism*. I

suppose these things are equalized somehow, but I am often inclined to wonder at and to envy those who seem never to know what mental trouble is, and who seem to have nothing else to disturb them than the common petty annoyances of life, and when these let them alone, then they are *τεταθεῖντες*.

1820. *Life*, p. 51.

2. The hold which a man's affections have on him is the more dangerous because the less suspected; and one may become an idolater almost before one feels the least sense of danger. Then comes the fear of losing the treasure, which one may love too fondly; and that fear is indeed terrible. The thought of the instability of one's happiness comes in well to interrupt its full indulgence; and if often entertained must make a man either an Epicurean or a Christian in good earnest.

1835. *Life*, p. 341.

3. I am glad that you have made acquaintance with some of the good poor. I quite agree with you that it is most instructive to visit them, and I think that you are right in what you say of their more lively faith. We hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not of affection, that it is far harder to keep our view of heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and therefore so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition, and its peculiar temptations; but we must endure it, and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.

1831. Life, p. 253.

4. A man's life in London, while he is single, may be very stirring, and very intellectual, but I imagine that it must have a hardening effect, and that this effect will be more felt every year as the counter tendencies of youth become less powerful. The most certain softeners of a man's moral skin, and sweeteners of his blood, are, I am sure, domestic intercourse in a happy marriage, and intercourse with the poor. It is very hard, I imagine, in our present state of society, to keep up intercourse with God without one or both of these aids to foster it. Romantic and fantastic indolence was the fault of other times and other countries ; here I crave more and more every day to find men unfevered by the constant excitement of the world, whether literary, political, commercial, or fashionable ; men who, while they are alive to all that is around them, feel also who is above them.

1833. Life, p. 274.

5. The more we are destitute of opportunities for indulging our feelings, as is the case when we live in uncongenial society, the more we are apt to crisp and harden our outward manner to save our real feelings from exposure. Thus I believe that some of the most delicate-minded men get to appear actually coarse from their unsuccessful efforts to mask their real nature. And I have known men disagreeably forward from their shyness. But I doubt whether a man does not suffer from a habit of self-constraint, and whether his feelings do not become really, as well as apparently, chilled. It is an immense blessing to be perfectly callous to ridicule ; or, which comes to the same thing,

to be conscious thoroughly that what we have in us of noble and delicate is not ridiculous to any but fools, and that, if fools will laugh, wise men will do well to let them.

1833. *Life*, p. 274.

6. I believe that the one great lesson for us all is, that we should daily pray for an "increase of faith." There is enough of iniquity abounding to make our love in danger of waxing cold; it is well said, therefore, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in *Me*." By which I understand that it is not so much general notions of Providence which are our best support, but a sense of the personal interest, if I may so speak, taken in our welfare by Him who died for us and rose again. May His Spirit strengthen us to do His will, and to bear it, in power, in love, and in wisdom.

1838. *Life*, p. 474.

7. I do feel more and more for my pupils, and for my children also, that I can readily and thankfully see them called away, when they are to all human appearance assuredly called home. This is a lesson which advancing years impress very strongly. We can then better tell how little are those earthly things of which early death deprives us, and how fearful is the risk of this world's struggle. May God bless us through His Son, and make us to come at last, be it sooner or later, out of this struggle conquerors.

8. EARNESTNESS.

1835. *Life*, p. 375.

What I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I think that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still on the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation,—that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation;—but I want a sign, which one catches as by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life,—whither tending, and in what cause engaged: and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

9. THOUGHTFULNESS.

1836. *Life*, p. 357.

When I look round upon boys or men, there seems to me some one point or quality, which distinguishes really noble persons from ordinary ones; it is not religious feeling—it is not honesty or kindness;—but it seems to me to be moral thoughtfulness; which is at once strengthening and softening and elevating; which makes a man love Christ instead of being a fanatic, and love truth without being cold or hard.

10. INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL EXCELLENCE.

1830. Life, p. 101.

Mere intellectual acuteness, divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistophiles.

1833. Life, p. 102.

11. I have now had some years' experience, I have known but too many of those who in their utter folly have said in their heart, there was no God; but the sad sight—for assuredly none can be more sad—of a powerful, an earnest, and an inquiring mind seeking truth, yet not finding it—the horrible sight of good deliberately rejected, and evil deliberately chosen—the grievous wreck of earthly wisdom united with spiritual folly—I believe that it has been, that it is, that it may be—Scripture speaks of it, the experience of others has witnessed it; but I thank God that in my own experience I have never witnessed it yet; I have still found that folly and thoughtlessness have gone to evil; that thought and manliness have been united with faith and goodness.

1827. Life, p. 62.

12. I met five Englishmen at the public table at our inn at Milan, who gave me great matter for cogitation. One was a clergyman, and just returned from Egypt; the rest were young men, *i. e.* between twenty-five and thirty, and apparently of no profession. I may safely say, that since I was an under-graduate, I never heard

any conversation so profligate as that which they all indulged in, the clergyman particularly; indeed, it was not merely gross, but avowed principles of wickedness, such as I do not remember ever to have heard in Oxford. But what struck me most was, that with this sensuality there was united some intellectual activity,—they were not ignorant, but seemed bent on gaining a great variety of solid information from their travels.

This union of vice and intellectual power and knowledge seems to me rather a sign of the age; and if it goes on, it threatens to produce one of the most fearful forms of Antichrist which has yet appeared. I am sure that the great prevalence of travelling fosters this spirit, not that men learn mischief from the French or Italians, but because they are removed from the check of public opinion, and are, in fact, self-constituted outlaws, neither belonging to the society which they have left, nor taking a place in that of the countries where they are travelling.

1837. *Life*, p. 417.

13. I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realized; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man, than a perverted or over-valued one. Men retain their natural quickness and cleverness, while their reason and judgment are allowed to go to ruin, and thus they do work their minds and gain influence, and are pleased at gaining it; but it is the undisciplined mind which they

are exercising, instead of one wisely disciplined. I trust that you will gain a good foundation of wisdom in Oxford; which may minister in after years to God's glory and the good of souls; and I call by the name of wisdom,—knowledge, rich and varied, digested and combined, and pervaded through and through by the light of the Spirit of God. Remember the words, "Every scribe instructed to the kingdom of God is like unto a householder who bringeth out of his treasure things *new and old*;" that is, who does not think that either the first four centuries on the one hand, nor the nineteenth century on the other, have a monopoly of truth; but who combines a knowledge of one with that of the other, and judges all according to the judgment which he has gained from the teaching of the Scriptures.

14. CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

1812. *Life*, p. 210.

It seems to me as forced and unnatural in us now to dismiss the principles of the Gospel and its great motives from our consideration, as it is to fill our pages with Hebraisms, and to write and speak in the words and style of the Bible. The slightest touches of Christian principle and Christian hope in common writings on biography and history would be a sort of living salt to the whole;—and would exhibit that union which I never will consent to think unattainable, between goodness and wisdom;—between everything that is manly, sensible, and free, and everything that is pure and self-denying, and humble, and heavenly.

1826. Life, p. 162.

15. My highest ambition, and what I hope to do as far as I can, is to make my history the very reverse of Gibbon in this respect,—that whereas the whole spirit of his work, from its low morality, is hostile to religion, without speaking directly against it; so my greatest desire would be, in my History, by its high morals and its general tone, to be of use to the cause, without actually bringing it forward.

1842. Life, p. 605.

16. The difference between Christian faith and love, and the religion of the heathen philosophers, as expressed by Cicero*, is that they made the feelings of man towards the Deity to be exactly those with which we gaze at a beautiful sunset.

17. UNIVERSAL CONSENT.

1840. Life, p. 409.

No man doubts that a strictly universal consent would be a very strong argument indeed; but then by the very fact of its being disputed, it ceases to be universal; and general consent is a very different thing from universal. It becomes then, the consent of the majority; and we must examine the nature of the minority, and also the peculiar nature of the opinions or practices agreed in, before we can decide whether general consent be really an argument for or against the truth of an opinion. For it has been said, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you;" and

* See Cicero, Div. ii. 72.

then it would be equally true of such a generation or generations, that it was, "Woe to that opinion in which all men agree."

18. ON THE SAYING "THE TIMES WILL NOT BEAR IT."

1836. *Life*, p. 353.

I do not understand how the times can help bearing what an honest man has the resolution to do. They may hinder his views from gaining full success, but they cannot destroy the moral force of his protest against them, and at any rate they cannot make him do their work without his own co-operation.

19. INDIFFERENCE TO ATTACKS.

1836. *Life*, p. 101.

Meanwhile let us mind our own work, and try to perfect the execution of our own "ideas," and we shall have enough to do, and enough always to hinder us from being satisfied with ourselves; but when we are attacked we have some right to answer with Scipio, who, scorning to reply to a charge of corruption, said, "Hoc die cum Hannibale bene et feliciter pugnavi:—"we have done enough good and undone enough evil, to allow us to hold our assailants cheap.

20. NEUTRALITY.

1836. *Life*, p. 395.

Neutrality seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right,

and the weak impression which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear.

21. DIFFERENCE OF TASTES AND OPINIONS.

1840. *Life*, p. 522.

I yearn sadly after peace and harmony with those whom I have long known, and I will not quarrel with them if I can help it; though, alas, in some of our tastes there is the music which to them is heavenly, and which to me says nothing; and there are the wild flowers which to me are so full of beauty, and which others tread upon with indifference.

22. ADMIRATION.

1833. *Life*, p. 287.

I hold the lines, "nil admirari," &c., to be as utterly false as any moral sentiment ever uttered. Intense admiration is necessary to our highest perfection, and we have an object in the Gospel, for which it may be felt to the utmost, without any fear lest the most critical intellect should tax us justly with unworthy idolatry. But I am as little inclined as any one to make an idol out of any human virtue, or human wisdom.

23. REVERENCE.

1837. *Life*, p. 404.

To read an account of Christ, written as by an indifferent person, is to read an unchristian account of Him; because no one who acknowledges Him can be indifferent to Him, but stands in such relations to Him, that the highest reverence must ever be predominant.

in his mind when thinking or writing of Him. And again, what is the impartiality that is required? Is it that a man shall neither be a Christian, nor yet not a Christian? The fact is, that religious veneration is inconsistent with what is called impartiality; which means, that as you see some good and some evil on both sides, you identify yourself with neither, and are able to judge of both. And this holds good with all human parties and characters, but not with what is divine, and consequently perfect; for then we should identify ourselves with it, and are perfectly incapable of passing judgment upon it. If I think that Christ was no more than Socrates (I do not mean in degree but in kind), I can of course speak of Him impartially: that is, I assume at once, that there are faults and imperfections in his character, and on these I pass my judgment: but, if I believe in Him, I am not His judge, but His servant and creature; and He claims the devotion of my whole nature, because He is identical with goodness, wisdom, and holiness. Nor can I for the sake of strangers assume another feeling, and another language, because this is compromising the highest duty,—it is like denying Him, instead of confessing Him.

There is abundant room for impartiality in judging of religious men, and of men's opinions about religion, just as of their opinions about anything else; but with regard to God and His truth, impartiality is a mere contradiction; and, if we profess to be impartial about all things, it can only be that we acknowledge in none that mark of divinity which claims devout adherence, and with regard to which impartiality is profaneness.

1837. Life, p. 401.

24. That one word at the end of Faust does indeed make it to my mind a great work instead of a piece of Devilry. Still I cannot get over the introduction. If it had been by one without any relation to God or his fellow-creatures, it would be different—but in a human being it is not to be forgiven. To give entirely without reverence a representation of God is in itself blasphemous.

25. REVERENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—It is in speaking of God that what we call the Bible, taking it altogether, through and through, has such a manifest superiority to everything else. When the Almighty condescends to make Himself known, it is by an angel, or in some manner that keeps all safe. What can be more magnificent than what is said of the conversation of Abraham before the destruction of Sodom!

26. PREPARATION FOR HOLY ORDERS.

1830. Life, p. 484.

If you were going into the Law, or to study Medicine, there would be a clear distinction between your professional reading and your general reading; between that reading which was designed to make you a good lawyer or physician, and that which was to make you a good and wise man. But it is the peculiar excellence of the Christian ministry, that there a man's professional reading and general reading coincide, and the very studies which would most tend to make him a good and wise man, do therefore of necessity tend to make him a good clergyman. Our merely professional

reading appears to me to consist in little more than an acquaintance with such laws, or Church regulations, as concern the discharge of our ministerial duties, in matters external and formal. But the great mass of our professional reading is not merely professional, but general; that is to say, if I had time at my command, and wished to follow the studies which would be most useful to me as a Christian, without reference to any one particular trade or calling. I should select, as nearly as might be, that very same course of study which to my mind would also be the best preparation for the work of the Christian ministry.

That the knowledge of the Scriptures is the most essential point in our studies as men and Christians, is as clear to my mind as that it is also the most essential point in our studies as clergymen. The only question is, in what manner is this knowledge to be best obtained. Now,—omitting to speak of the moral and spiritual means of obtaining it, such as prayer and a watchful life, about the paramount necessity of which there is no doubt whatever,—our present question only regards the intellectual means of obtaining it, that is, the knowledge and the cultivation of our mental faculties, which may best serve to the end desired.

Knowledge of the Scriptures seems to consist in two things, so essentially united, however, that I scarcely like to separate them even in thought; the one I will call the knowledge of the contents of the Scriptures in themselves; the other the knowledge of their application to us, and our own times and circumstances. Really and truly I believe that the one of these cannot exist in any perfection without the other. Of course

we cannot apply the Scriptures properly without knowing them ; and to know them merely as an ancient book, without understanding how to apply them, appears to me to be ignorance rather than knowledge. But still in thought we can separate the two, and each also requires in some measure a different line of study.

The intellectual means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures in themselves are, I suppose, Philology, Antiquities, and Ancient History ; but the means of acquiring the knowledge of their right application are far more complex in their character, and it is precisely here, as I think, that the common course of theological study is so exceedingly narrow, and therefore the mistakes committed in the application of the Scriptures, are, as it seems to me, so frequent and so mischievous. As one great example of what I mean, I will instance the questions, which are now so much agitated, of Church authority and Church government. It is just as impossible for a man to understand these questions without a knowledge of the great questions of law and government generally, as it is to understand any matter that is avowedly political ; and therefore the Politics of Aristotle and similar works are to me of a very great and direct use every day of my life, wherever these questions are brought before me ; and you know how often these questions are mooted, and with what vehemence men engage in them. Historical reading it appears that you are actually engaged in, but so much of History is written so ill, that it appears to me to be desirable to be well acquainted with the greatest historians, in order to learn what the defects of common History are, and how we should be able to supply them.

It is a rare quality in any man to be able really to represent to himself the picture of another age and country ; and much of History is so vague and poor that no lively images can be gathered from it. There is actually, so far as I know, no great ecclesiastical historian in any language. But the flatnesses and meagreness and unfairness of most of those who have written on this subject may not strike us, if we do not know what good History should be. And any one very great historian, such as Thucydides, or Tacitus, or Niebuhr, throws a light backward and forward upon all History ; for any one age or country well brought before our minds teaches us what historical knowledge really is, and saves us from thinking that we have it when we have it not. I have stated what appears to me to be the best means of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures, both in themselves, and in their application to ourselves. And it is this second part which calls for such a variety of miscellaneous knowledge ; inasmuch as, in order to apply a rule properly, we must understand the nature and circumstances of the case to which it is to be applied, and how they differ from those of the case to which it was applied originally. Thus there are two states of the human race which we want to understand thoroughly ; the state when the New Testament was written, and our own state. And our own state is so connected with, and dependent on the past, that in order to understand it thoroughly we must go backwards into past ages, and thus, in fact, we are obliged to go back till we connect our own time with the first century, and in many points with centuries yet more remote. You will say then, in another sense from what

St. Paul said it, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and I answer, "No man;" but, notwithstanding, it is well to have a good model before us, although our imitation of it will fall far short of it. But you say, how does all this *edify*? And this is a matter which I think it is very desirable to understand clearly.

If death were immediately before us,—say that the Cholera was in a man's parish, and numbers were dying daily,—it is manifest that our duties,—our preparation for another life by conforming ourselves to God's will respecting us in this life,—would become exceedingly simple. To preach the Gospel, that is, to lead men's faith to Christ as their Saviour by His death and resurrection; to be earnest in practical kindness; to clear one's heart of all enmities and evil passions; this would be a man's work, and this only; his reading would, I suppose, be limited then to such parts of the Scriptures as were directly strengthening to his faith, and hope and charity, to works of prayers and hymns, and to such practical instructions as might be within his reach as to the treatment of the prevailing disease.

Now can we say, that in ordinary life our duties can be made thus simple? Are there not, then, matters of this life which must be attended to? Are there not many questions would press upon us in which we must act and advise, besides the simple direct preparation for death? And it being God's will that we should have to act and advise in these things, and our service to Him and to His Church necessarily requiring them; is it right to say, that the knowledge which shall teach us how to act and advise rightly with respect to them is not *edifying*?

But may not a man say, “I wish to be in the Ministry, but I do not feel an inclination for a long course of reading; my tastes, and I think my duties, lead me another way?” This may be said, I think very justly. A man may do immense good with nothing more than an unlearned familiarity with the Scriptures, with sound practical sense and activity, taking part in all the business of his parish, and devoting himself to intercourse with men rather than with books. I honour such men in the highest degree, and think that they are among the most valuable ministers that the Church possesses. A man’s reading, in this case, is of a miscellaneous character, consisting, besides the Bible and such books as are properly devotional, of such books as chance throws in his way, or the particular concerns of his parish may lead him to take an interest in. And, though he may not be a learned man, he may be that which is far better than mere learning,—a wise man, and a good man.

All that I would entreat of every man with whom I had any influence is, that if he read at all—in the sense of studying,—he should read widely and comprehensively; that he should not read exclusively or principally what is called Divinity. Learning, as it is called, of this sort,—when not properly mixed with that comprehensive study which alone deserves the name,—is, I am satisfied, an actual mischief to a man’s mind; it impairs his simple common sense, and gives him no wisdom. It makes him narrow-minded, and fills him with absurdities; and, while he is in reality grievously ignorant, it makes him consider himself a great divine. Let a man read nothing, if he will, except his Bible and Prayer Book and the chance reading of the day;

but let him not, if he values the power of seeing truth and judging soundly, let him not read exclusively or predominantly the works of those who are called divines, whether they be those of the first four centuries, or those of the sixteenth, or those of the eighteenth or seventeenth. With regard to the Fathers, as they are called, I would advise those who have time to read them deeply, those who have less time to read at least parts of them; but in all cases preserve the *proportions of your reading*. Read along with the Fathers, the writings of men of other times and of different powers of mind. Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one;—as far as it goes, the views that it gives are true,—but he, who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination—this is perfectly free to every man, but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this. I have now given you the principles, which I believe to be true, with respect to a clergyman's reading.

27. PROFESSION OF MEDICINE.

1836. Life, p. 393.

It is a real pleasure to me to find that you are taking steadily to a profession, without which I scarcely see how a man can live honestly. That is, I use the term "profession" in rather a large sense, not as simply

denoting certain callings which a man follows for his maintenance, but rather, a definite field of duty, which the nobleman has as much as a tailor, but which he has not, who having an income large enough to keep him from starving, hangs about upon life, merely following his own caprices and fancies; *quod factu pessimum est*. I can well enough understand how medicine, like every other profession, has its moral and spiritual dangers; but I do not see why it should have more than others. The tendency to Atheism, I imagine, exists in every study followed up vigorously, without a foundation of faith, and that foundation carefully strengthened and built upon. The student in History is as much busied with secondary causes as the student in medicine; the rule "*nec Deus intersit*," true as it is up to a certain point, that we may not annihilate man's agency and make him a puppet, is ever apt to be followed too far when we are become familiar with man or with nature, and understand the laws which direct both. Then these laws seem enough to account for everything, and the laws themselves we ascribe either to chance, or the mystifications called "*nature*," or the "*anima mundi*," the "*spiritus intus alit*" of Pantheism. If there is anything special in the atheistic tendency of medicine, it arises, I suppose, from certain vague notions about the soul, its independence of matter, &c., and from the habit of considering these notions as an essential part of religion. Now I think that the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection meets the Materialists so far as this, that it does imply that a body, or an organization of some sort, is necessary to the full development of man's nature. Beyond this we cannot go; for,—grant-

ing that the brain is essential to thought,—still no man can say that the white pulp which you can see and touch and anatomicize can itself *think*, and by whatever names we endeavour to avoid acknowledging the existence of mind,—whether we talk of a subtle fluid, or a wonderful arrangement of nerves, or anything else,—still we do but disguise our ignorance; for the act of thinking is one *sui generis*, and the thinking power must in like manner be different from all that we commonly mean by matter. The question of Free Will is, and ever must be, imperfectly understood. If a man denies that he has a will either to sit or not to sit, to write a note or no, I cannot prove to him that he has one. If again, he maintains that the choosing power in him cannot but choose what seems to it to be good, then this is a great tribute to the importance of good habits, and to the duty of impressing right notions of good on the young mind, all which is perfectly true. And, in the last case, if a man maintains that his nature irresistibly teaches him that what we call good is evil, and *vice versa*, then I find at once the value of those passages in Scripture which have been so grievously misused, and I see before me a vessel of wrath fitted for destruction, fitted, as I believe, through its own fault; but if it denies this, then at any rate fitted for destruction, and on the sure way to it.

But no doubt every study requires to be tempered and balanced with something out of itself, if it be only to prevent the mind from becoming “*einseitig*,” or pedantic; and ascending higher still, all intellectual study, however comprehensive, requires spiritual study to be joined with it, lest our nature itself become

“einseitig;” the intellect growing;—the higher reason—the higher or spiritual wisdom stunted or decaying.

I believe that any man can make himself an Atheist speedily, by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but if he keep this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study, whether of nature or of man, will force him into Atheism; but, on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. Prayer, and kindly intercourse with the poor, are the two great safeguards of spiritual life;—its more than food and raiment.

28. PROFESSION OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

1840. *Life*, p. 511.

I am well persuaded that to a good man with regard to his choice of one amidst several lines of duty, “*Sua cuique Deus fit dira cupido.*” It is a part of God’s Providence that some men are made to see strongly the claims of one calling, others those of another. If, therefore, a man tells me that he feels bound to go out as a Missionary to India, I feel that I ought not to grudge to India what God seems to will for her.

Whether you go to India, or to any other foreign country, the first and great point, I think, is to turn your thoughts to the edification of the Church already in existence,—that is, the English or Christian societies as distinct from the Hindoos. Unless the English and the half-caste people can be brought into a good state, how can you get on with the Hindoos? Again, I am inclined to think that greater good might be done by

joining a young English settlement, than by missionary work amongst the heathen. Every good man going to New Zealand, or to Van Diemen's Land, not for the sake of making money, is an invaluable element in those societies; and remember that they, after all, must be, by and by, the great missionaries to the heathen world, either for God or for the Devil.

But still, do not lightly think that any claims can be greater upon you than those of this Church and people of England. It is not surely to the purpose to say that there are ten thousand clergymen here, and very few in India. Do these ten thousand clergymen all, or even the greater part of them, appreciate what they have to do? Is not the mass of evil here greater a thousand times in its injurious effects on the world at large, than all the idolatry of India? and is it less dangerous to the souls of those concerned in it? Look at the state of your own county of Durham; and does not that cry out as loud as India, notwithstanding its bishop and its golden stalls? And remember—that the Apostles did indeed, or rather some of them did, spread the Gospel over many provinces of the Roman Empire;—but it was necessary that it should have a wide diffusion once; not that this diffusion was to go on universally and always, although the old Churches might be grievously wanting the aid of those who were plunging into heathen and barbarian countries to make nominal converts.

But beyond this no man can advise you; you may do good by God's blessing anywhere,—you will, I doubt not, serve him everywhere,—but what you feel to be your particular call, you must alone determine. But do not decide hastily, for it is an important question, and

if you go and then regret it, time and opportunities will be lost.

If you do go to India, still remember that the great work to be done is to organize and purify Christian Churches of whites and half-castes. These must be the nucleus to which individuals from the natives will continually join more and more, as these become more numerous and more respectable. Otherwise the caste system is an insuperable difficulty; you call on a man to leave all his old connexions, and to become infamous in their eyes, and yet have no living Church to offer him, where "he shall receive fathers and mothers, and brethren and sisters, &c., a hundred fold." Individual preaching amongst the Hindoos, without having a Church to which to invite them, seems to me the wildest of follies. Remember how in every place St. Paul made the proselytes to Judaism the foundation of his Church, and then the idolatrous heathen gathered round these in more or less numbers.

1842. Life, p. 602.

29. There must be a great interest in having to deal with minds, whose training has been so different from our own, though it would be to me a great perplexity. I should think its tendency would be at first to make one sceptical, and then, if that was overcome, to make one fanatical. I mean that it must be startling at first to meet with many persons holding as truths, things the most opposite from what we believe, and even so differing from us in their appreciation of evidence. And first, this would incline one, I should think, to mistrust all truth, or to think that it was subjective

merely, one truth for Europe, and another for India; then, if this feeling were repelled, there would be the danger of maintaining a conclusion which yet one did not feel one could satisfactorily prove,—the resolving that a thing shall be believed by the mind, whether reasonably or unreasonably. I should earnestly, I think, look out in a Hindoo's mind for those points which he had in common with us, and see if the enormous differences might not be explained, and their existence accounted for. In this way I have always believed in the existence of a moral sense amongst all men, in spite of the tremendous differences in the notions of different ages and countries as to right and wrong. I think these differences may be explained, and that they do not disprove a common idea of and appreciation of virtue, as consisting mainly in self-denial and love. But all this will have presented itself to you often, and mine is but hypothesis, for my sole acquaintance has been with European minds, trained more or less in the same school.

POLITICS.

1. PARTY SPIRIT.

1833. Life, p. 183.

MAY God grant to my sons, if they live to manhood, an unshaken love of truth, and a firm resolution to follow it for themselves, with an intense abhorrence of all party ties, save that one tie, which binds them to the party of Christ against wickedness.

2. PHILOSOPHY OF PARTIES.

1835. Life, p. 323.

It strikes me that a noble work might be written on the Philosophy of Parties and Revolutions, showing what are the essential points of division in all civil contests, and what are but accidents. For the want of this, history as a collection of facts is of no use at all to many persons; they mistake essential resemblances, and dwell upon accidental differences, especially when those accidental differences are in themselves matters of great importance, such as differences in religion, or, more or less, of civil liberty and equality. Whereas it seems to me that the real parties in human nature are the Conservatives and the Advancers; those who look to the past or present, and those who look to the future, whether knowingly and deliberately, or by an instinct of their nature, indolent in one case and restless in the other, which they themselves do not analyze. Thus Conservatism may sometimes be ultra democracy, (see Cleon's speech in Thucydides, III.,) sometimes aristocracy, as in the civil wars of Rome, or in the English constitution now; and the Advance may be sometimes despotism, sometimes aristocracy, but always keeping its essential character of advance, of taking off bonds, removing prejudices, altering what is existing. The Advance in its perfect form is Christianity, and in a corrupted world must always be the true principle, although it has in many instances been so clogged with evil of various kinds, that the conservative principle, although essentially false since man fell into sin, has yet commended itself to good men

while they looked on the history of mankind only partially, and did not consider it as a whole.

3. LIBERAL PRINCIPLES.

1828. *Life*, p. 60.

My views of things certainly become daily more *reforming*; and what I above all other things wish to see is, a close union between Christian reformers and those who are often, as I think, falsely charged with being enemies of Christianity. It is a part of the perfection of the Gospel that it is attractive to all those who love truth and goodness, as soon as it is known in its true nature, whilst it tends to clear away those erroneous views and evil passions with which philanthropy and philosophy, so long as they stand aloof from it, are ever in some degree corrupted. My feeling towards men whom I believe to be sincere lovers of truth and the happiness of their fellow-creatures, while they seek these ends otherwise than through the medium of the Gospel, is rather that they are not far from the kingdom of God, and might be brought into it altogether, than that they are enemies whose views are directly opposed to our own. That they are not brought into it is, I think, to a considerable degree, chargeable upon the professors of Christianity; the High Church party seeming to think that the establishment in Church and State is all in all, and that the Gospel principles must be accommodated to our existing institutions, instead of offering a pattern by which those institutions should be purified; and the Evangelicals by their ignorance and narrow-mindedness,

and their seeming wish to keep the world and the Church ever distinct, instead of labouring to destroy the one by increasing the influence of the other, and making the kingdoms of the world indeed the kingdoms of Christ.

4. CONSERVATISM.

1835. *Life*, p. 323.

A volume might be written on those words of Harrington, "that we are living in the dregs of the Gothic Empire." It is that the *beginnings* of things are bad—and when they have not been altered, you may safely say that they want altering. But then comes the question whether our fate is not fixed, and whether you could not as well make the muscles and sinews of a full-grown man perform the feats of an Indian juggler: great changes require great docility, and you can only expect that from perfect knowledge or perfect ignorance.

1840. *Life*, p. 503.

5. The principle of Conservatism has always appeared to me to be not only foolish, but to be actually "felo de se :" it destroys what it loves, because it will not mend it. But I cordially agree with Niebuhr,—who in all such questions is to me the greatest of all authorities; because, together with an ability equal to the highest, he had an universal knowledge of political history, far more profound than was ever possessed by any other man,—that every new institution should be but a fuller development of, or an addition to, what already exists; and that if things have come to such a pass in a country, that all its past history and associations are

cast away as merely bad, Reform in such a country is impossible. I believe it to be necessary, and quite desirable, that the popular power in a state should, in the perfection of things, be paramount to every other; but this supremacy need not, and ought not, I think, to be absolute; and monarchy, and an aristocracy of birth,—as distinguished from one of wealth or of office,—appear to me to be two precious elements which still exist in most parts of Europe, and to lose which, as has been done unavoidably in America, would be rather our insanity than our misfortune.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society, as the strain to keep things fixed, when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress; and the cause of all the evils of the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption, that our business is to preserve and not to improve. It is the ruin of us all alike, individuals, schools, and nations.

1829. Life, p. 195.

6. Instead of looking upon the middle ages as in any degree a standard, I turn instinctively to that picture of entire perfection which the Gospel holds out, and from which I cannot but think that the state of things in time past was further removed even than ours is now, although our *little* may be more inexcusable than their *less* was in them. And, in particular, I confess, that if I were called upon to name what spirit of evil predominantly deserved the name of Antichrist, I should name the spirit of chivalry—the more detestable for

the very guise of the “Archangel ruined,” which has made it so seductive to the most generous spirits—but to me so hateful, because it is in direct opposition to the impartial justice of the Gospel, and its comprehensive feeling of equal brotherhood, and because it so fostered a sense of honour rather than a sense of duty.

1835. *Life*, p. 327.

7. Of one thing I am clear, that if ever this constitution be destroyed, it will be only when it ought to be destroyed; when evils long neglected, and good long omitted, will have brought things to such a state, that the constitution must fall to save the commonwealth, and the Church of England perish for the sake of the Church of Christ. Search and look whether you can find that any constitution was ever destroyed from within by factions or discontent, without its destruction having been, either just penally, or necessary, because it could not any longer answer its proper purposes.

1835. *Life*, p. 326.

8. . . . I am delighted that you like Oxford, nor am I the least afraid of your liking it too much. It does not follow because one admires and loves the surpassing beauty of the place and its associations, or because one forms in it the most valuable and most delightful friendships, that therefore one is to uphold its foolishness, and to try to perpetuate its faults. My love for any place or person, or institution, is exactly the measure of my desire to reform them; a doctrine which seems to me as natural now, as it seemed strange when I was a child, when I could not make out, how, if my mother loved me more than strange children, she

should find fault with me and not with them. But I do not think this ought to be a difficulty to any one who is more than six years old.

THEOLOGY.

1. EVIDENCES OF RELIGION.

1827. *Life*, p. 36.

I FEAR the approach of a greater struggle between good and evil than the world has yet seen, in which there may well happen the greatest trial to the faith of good men that can be imagined, if the greatest talent and ability are decidedly on the side of their adversaries, and they will have nothing but faith and holiness to oppose to it. Something of this kind may have been the meaning or part of the meaning of the words, "that by signs and wonders they should deceive even the elect." What I should be afraid of would be, that good men, taking alarm at the prevailing spirit, would fear to yield even points they could not maintain, instead of wisely giving them up, and holding on where they could.

2. EVIDENCES FOR A PERSON PROFESSING ATHEISTICAL OPINIONS.

1822. *Life*, p. 246.

The subject of the letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you has so high a claim upon the best exertions of every Christian, that I can only regret my inability to do it justice. But in cases of

moral or intellectual disorder, no less than of bodily, it is difficult to prescribe at a distance; so much must always depend on the particular constitution of the individual, and the peculiarly weak points in his character. Nor am I quite sure whether the case you mention is one of absolute Atheism, or of Epicurism; that is to say, whether it be a denial of God's existence altogether, or only of his moral government, the latter doctrine being. I believe, a favourite resource with those who cannot evade the force of the evidences of design in the works of Creation, and yet cannot bear to entertain that strong and constant sense of personal responsibility, which follows from the notion of God as a moral governor. At any rate, the great thing to ascertain is, what led to his present state of opinions; for the actual arguments, by which he would now justify them, are of much less consequence.

The proofs of an intelligent and benevolent Creator are given in my opinion more clearly in Paley's *Natural Theology*, than in any other book that I know, and the necessity of *faith* arising from the absurdity of scepticism on the one hand, and of dogmatism on the other, is shown with great power and eloquence in the first article of the second part of Pascal's "Pensées."

In many cases the real origin of a man's irreligion is, I believe, political. He dislikes the actual state of society, hates the Church as connected with it and, in his notions, supporting its abuses, and then hates Christianity because it is taught by the Church. Another case is, when a man's *religious* practice has degenerated, when he has been less watchful of himself and less constant and earnest in his desires. The

consequence is, that his impression of God's real existence, which is kept up by practical experience, becomes fainter and fainter; and in this state of things it is merely an accident that he remains nominally a Christian; if he happens to fall in with an antichristian book, he will have nothing in his own experience to set against the difficulties there presented to him, and so he will be apt to yield to them. For it must be always understood that there are difficulties in the way of religion,—such, for instance, as the existence of evil,—which can never be fairly solved by human powers; all that can be done *intellectually* is to point out the *equal* or greater difficulties of Atheism or scepticism; and this is enough to justify a good man's understanding in being a believer. But the real proof is the practical one; that is, let a man live on the hypothesis of its falsehood, the practical result will be bad; that is, a man's besetting and constitutional faults will not be checked; and some of his noblest feelings will be unexercised, so that if he be right in his opinions, truth and goodness are at variance with one another, and falsehood is more favourable to our moral perfection than truth; which seems the most monstrous conclusion, which the human mind can possibly arrive at. It follows from this, that if I were talking with an Atheist, I should lay a great deal of stress on *faith* as a necessary condition of our nature, and as a gift of God to be earnestly sought for in the way which God has appointed, that is, by striving to *do his will*. For faith does no violence to our understanding; but the intellectual difficulties being balanced, and it being necessary to act on the one side or the other, faith determines a

man to embrace that side which leads to moral and practical perfection ; and unbelief leads him to embrace the opposite, or what I may call the Devil's religion, which is, after all, quite as much beset with intellectual difficulties as God's religion is, and morally is nothing but one mass of difficulties and monstrosities. You may say that the individual in question is a moral man, and you think not unwilling to be convinced of his errors ; that is, he sees the moral truth of Christianity but cannot be persuaded of it intellectually. I should say that such a state of mind is one of very painful trial, and should be treated as such ; that it is a state of mental disease, which like many others is aggravated by talking about it, and that he is in great danger of losing his perception of moral truth as well as of intellectual, of wishing Christianity to be false as well as of being unable to be convinced that it is true. There are thousands of Christians who see the difficulties which he sees quite as clearly as he does, and who long as eagerly as he can do for that time when they shall know, even as they are known. But then they see clearly the difficulties of unbelief, and know that even intellectually they are far greater. And in the meanwhile they are contented to live by faith, and find that in so doing, their course is practically one of perfect light ; the moral result of the experiment is so abundantly satisfactory, that they are sure that they have truth on their side.

I confess that I believe conscientious atheism not to exist. *Weakness of faith* is partly constitutional, and partly the result of education and other circumstances ; and this may go intellectually almost as far

as scepticism; that is to say, a man may be perfectly unable to acquire a firm and undoubting belief of the great truths of religion, whether natural or revealed. He may be perplexed with doubts all his days; nay, his fears lest the Gospel should not be true, may be stronger than his hopes that it will. And this is a state of great pain, and of most severe trial, to be pitied heartily, but not to be condemned. I am satisfied that a good man can never get further than this; for his goodness will save him from unbelief, though not from the misery of scanty faith. I call it unbelief, when a man deliberately renounces his obedience to God, and his sense of responsibility to Him: and this never can be without something of an evil heart rebelling against a yoke which it does not like to bear. The man you have been trying to convert stands in this predicament:—he says that he cannot find out God, and that he does not believe in Him; therefore he renounces His service, and chooses to make a god of himself. Now, the idea of God being no other than a combination of all the highest excellences that we can conceive, it is so delightful to a good and sound mind, that it is misery to part with it; and such a mind, if it cannot discern God clearly, concludes that the fault is in itself—that it cannot yet reach to God, not that God does not exist. You see there must be an assumption in either case, for the thing does not admit of demonstration, and the assumption that God is, or is not, depends on the degree of moral pain, which a man feels in relinquishing the idea of God. And here, I think, is the moral fault of unbelief:—that a man can bear to make so

great a moral sacrifice, as is implied in renouncing God. He makes the greatest moral sacrifice to obtain partial satisfaction to his intellect: a believer ensures the greatest moral perfection, with partial satisfaction to his intellect also; entire satisfaction to the intellect is, and can be attained by neither. Thus, then, I believe, generally, that he who has rejected God, must be morally faulty, and therefore justly liable to punishment. But, of course, no man can dare to apply this to any particular case, because our moral faults themselves are so lessened or aggravated by circumstances to be known only by Him who sees the heart, that the judgment of those who see the outward conduct only, must ever be given in ignorance.

3. EVIDENCES FOR A PERSON DISTRESSED BY SCEPTICAL DOUBTS.

1835. *Life*, p. 335.

The more I think of the matter the more I am satisfied that all speculations of the kind in question are to be repressed by the will, and if they haunt us, notwithstanding the efforts of our will, that then they are to be prayed against, and silently endured as a trial. I mean speculations turning upon things wholly beyond our reach, and where the utmost conceivable result cannot be truth, but additional perplexity. Such must be the question as to the origin and continued existence of moral evil; which is a question utterly out of our reach, as we know and can know nothing of the system of the universe, and which can never bring us to truth, because if we adopt one hypothesis as certain, and come to a conclusion upon one theory, we shall be met

by difficulties quite as insuperable on the other side, which would oblige us in fairness, to go over the process again, and to reject our new conclusion, as we had done our old one; because in our total ignorance of the matter, there will always be difficulties in the way of any hypothesis which we cannot answer, and which will effectually preclude our ever arriving at a state of intellectual satisfaction, such as consists in having a clear view of a whole question from first to last, and seeing that the premises are true, the conclusion fairly drawn, and that all objections to either may be satisfactorily answered. This state, which alone I suppose deserves to be called knowledge, is one which, if we can ever attain it, is attainable only in matters merely human, and only within the range of our understanding and experience. It is manifest that the sole difficulty in the subject of your perplexity is merely the origin of moral evil, and it is manifest also that this difficulty equally affects things actually existing around us. Yet if the sight of wickedness in ourselves or others were to lead us to perplex ourselves as to its origin, instead of struggling against it and attempting to put an end to it, we know that we should be wrong, and that evil would thrive and multiply on such a system of conduct.

This would have been the language of a heathen Stoic or Academician, when an Epicurean beset him with the difficulty of accounting for evil without impugning the power or the goodness of the gods. And I think that this language was sound and practically convincing, quite enough so to show that the Epicurean objection sets one upon an error, because it leads to

practical absurdity and wickedness. But I think that with us the authority of Christ puts things on a different footing. I know nothing about the origin of evil, but I believe that Christ did know; and as our common sense tells us, that we can strive against evil and sympathize in punishment here, although we cannot tell how there comes to be evil, so Christ tells us that we may continue these same feelings to the state beyond this life, although the origin of evil is still a secret to us. And I know Christ to have been so wise and so loving to men, that I am sure I may trust His word, and that what was entirely agreeable to His sense of justice and goodness, cannot, unless through my own defect, be otherwise than agreeable to mine.

Further, when I find Him repelling all questions of curiosity, and reproofing in particular such as had a tendency to lead men away from their great business,—the doing good to themselves and others,—I am sure that if I stood before Him, and said to Him, "Lord; what can I do? for I cannot understand how God can allow any to be wicked, or why He should not destroy them, rather than let them exist to suffer;" that His mildest answer would be, "What is that to thee—follow thou me." But if He, who can read the heart, knew that there was in the doubt so expressed anything of an evil heart of unbelief—of unbelief that had grown out of carelessness and from my not having walked watchfully after Him, loving Him, and doing His will,—then I should expect that He would tell me, that this thought had come to me, because I neither knew Him nor His Father, but had neglected and

been indifferent to both ; and then I should be sure that He would give me no explanation or light at all, but would rather make the darkness thicker upon me, till I came before Him, not with a speculative doubt, but with an earnest prayer for His mercy and His help, and with a desire to walk humbly before Him, and to do His will, and promote His kingdom. This, I believe, is the only way to deal with those disturbances of mind which cannot lead to truth, but only to perplexity. Many persons, I am inclined to think, endure some of these to their dying day, well aware of their nature, and not sanctioning them by their will, but unable to shake them off, and enduring them as a real thorn in the flesh, as they would endure the far lighter trials of sickness or outward affliction. But they should be kept, I think, to ourselves, and not talked of even to our nearest friends, when we once understand their true nature. Talking about them gives them a sort of reality which otherwise they would not have ; just like talking about our dreams. We should act and speak, and try to feel as if they had no existence, and then in most cases they do cease to exist after a time ; when they do not, they are harmless to our spiritual nature, although I fully believe that they are the most grievous affliction with which human nature is visited.

Of course, what I have here said relates only to such questions as cannot possibly be so answered as to produce even entire intellectual satisfaction, much less moral advantage. I hold that Atheism and pure Scepticism are both systems of absurdity ; which involves the condemnation of hypotheses leading to either of

them as conclusions. For Atheism separates truth from goodness, and Scepticism destroys truth altogether; both of which are monstrosities, from which we should revolt as from a real madness. With my earnest hopes and prayers that you may be relieved from what I know to be the greatest of earthly trials, but with a no less earnest advice, that, if it does continue, you will treat it as a trial, and only cling the closer, as it were, to that perfect Saviour, in the entire love and truth of whose nature all doubt seems to melt away, and who, if kept steadily before our minds, is, I believe, most literally our Bread of Life, giving strength and peace to our weakness and distractions.

4. INTERNAL EVIDENCE.

1840. *Life*, p. 581.

You complain of those persons who judge of a Revelation not by its evidence, but by its substance. It has always seemed to me that its substance is a most essential part of its evidence; and that miracles wrought in favour of what was foolish or wicked, would only prove Manicheism. We are so perfectly ignorant of the unseen world, that the character of any supernatural power can be only judged of by the moral character of the statements which it sanctions: thus only can we tell whether it be a revelation from God, or from the Devil. If his father tells a child something which seems to him monstrous, faith requires him to submit his own judgment, because he knows his father's person, and is sure, therefore, that his father tells it him. But we cannot thus know God, and can

only recognise His voice by the words spoken being in agreement with our idea of His moral nature.

5. EVIDENCE OF MARTYRS.

1842. *Life*, p. 573.

Neither philosophers nor the Christian martyrs believed in the established religion,—but the philosophers and augurs worshipped and sacrificed because they thought it convenient to uphold the “*instituta majorum* ;”—just as in Roman Catholic countries there are to be found men who would laugh at the most solemn parts of the service, at the mass itself—who would burn a Protestant, but who believe in Christ just as much as Cicero believed in Him. But they could not understand why the Christians would not act as they did—they had no notion of men dying rather than act a lie and deny what they were certain was a truth. It is this which shows us what martyrdom really was, and in what the nobleness of the martyrs consisted—in that they would die sooner than by their slightest action assist in what they felt to be a lie and a mockery.

6. UTILITARIANISM.

1836. *Life*, p. 300.

Utilitarianism is the idea which, hardly hovering on the remotest outskirts of Christianity, readily flies off to the camp of Materialism and Atheism; the mere pared and plucked notion of “good” exhibited by the word “useful;” which seems to me the idea of “good” robbed of its nobleness,—the sediment from which the filtered water has been assiduously

separated. It were a strange world, if there were indeed in it no one ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν εἶδος but that of the ξύμφερον; if κάλον, ὅτι ξύμφερον. But this is one of the peculiarities of the English mind; the Puritan and the Benthamite have an immense part of their nature in common; and thus the Christianity of the Puritan is coarse and fanatical; —he cannot relish what there is in it of beautiful or delicate or ideal. Men get embarrassed by the common cases of a misguided conscience; but a compass may be out of order as well as a conscience, and the needle may point due south if you hold a powerful magnet in that direction. Still the compass, generally speaking, is a true and sure guide, and so is the conscience; and you can trace the deranging influence on the latter quite as surely as on the former. Again, there is confusion in some men's minds, who say that, if we so exalt conscience, we make ourselves the paramount judges of all things, and so do not live by faith and obedience. But he who believes his conscience to be God's law, by obeying it obeys God. It is as much obedience, as it is obedience to follow the dictates of God's spirit; and in every case of obedience to any law or guide whatsoever, there always must be one independent act of the mind pronouncing this one determining proposition, "I ought to obey;" so that in obedience, as in every moral act, we are and must be the paramount judges, because we must ourselves decide on that very principle, "that we ought to obey."

7. RATIONALISM.—It is not scriptural, but fanatical, to oppose faith to reason. Faith is properly opposed to sense, and is the listening to the dictates of the higher

part of our mind, to which alone God speaks, rather than to the lower part of us, to which the world speaks. There is no end to the mischiefs done by that one very common and perfectly unscriptural mistake of opposing faith and reason, or whatever you choose to call the higher part of man's nature. And this the Scripture never does. Rationalism, in order to be contrasted scripturally with faith, must mean the following some lower part of our nature, whether sensual or merely intellectual;—that is, some part which does not acknowledge God. But what is often attacked as Rationalism is just what the Scripture commends as knowledge, judgment, understanding, and the like; that is, not the following a merely intellectual part of our nature, but the sovereign part;—that is, the moral reason acting under God, and using, so to speak, the telescope of faith, for objects too distant for its naked eye to discover. And to this is opposed, in scriptural language, folly and idolatry, and blindness, and other such terms of reproof. Either the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah is Rationalism, and the man who bowed down to the stock of a tree was a humble man, who did not enquire but believe; or, if Isaiah be right, and speaks the words of God, then we and the man who bowed down to the stock of a tree, should learn that God is not served by folly.

8. FANATICISM.

1830. Life, p. 380.

There is an ascending scale from the grossest personal selfishness, such as that of Cæsar or Napoleon,

to party selfishness, such as that of Sylla, or fanatical selfishness, that is the idolatry of an idea or a principle, such as that of Robespierre and Dominic, and some of the Covenanters. In all these, except perhaps the first, we feel a sympathy more or less, because there is something of personal self-devotion and sincerity; but fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it, that is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the parts of his nature or his mind, which he least values, offer sacrifice to that which he most values. The moral fault, as it appears to me, is in the idolatry,—the setting up some idea which is most kindred to our own minds, and then putting it in the place of Christ, who alone cannot be made an idol, and cannot inspire fanaticism, because He combines all ideas of perfection, and exhibits them in their just harmony and combination. Now to my own mind, by its natural tendency,—that is, taking my mind at its best,—truth and justice would be the idols, that I should follow: and they would be idols, for they would not supply *all* the food that the mind wants, and, whilst worshipping them, reverence and humility and tenderness might very likely be forgotten. But Christ Himself includes at once truth and justice, and all these other qualities too. The unreserved worship of imperfect ideas unavoidably tends to the neglect of other ideas no less important; and thence some passion or other loses its proper and intended check, and the moral evil follows. Thus it is that narrow-mindedness tends to wickedness, because it

does not extend its watchfulness to every part of our moral nature, for then it would not be *narrow-mindedness*; and this neglect fosters the growth of evil in the parts that are so neglected. Thus a man may "give all his goods to feed the poor, and yet be nothing;" where I do not understand it of giving out of mere ostentation, or with a view to gain influence, but that a man may have one or more virtues, such as are according to his favourite ideas, in very great perfection, and still be nothing; because these ideas are his idols, and, worshipping them with all his heart, there is a portion of his heart, more or less considerable, left without its proper object, guide, and nourishment, and so this portion is left to the dominion of evil. Other men, and these the mass of mankind, go wrong either from having no favourite ideas at all, and living wholly at random, or $\pi\varphi\delta\varsigma\ \dot{\iota}\delta\sigma\pi\pi\pi$,—or else from having ideas but indistinctly, and paying them but little worship, so that here too the common world about them gives the impression to their minds, and thus they are evil. But the best men, I think, are those who worshipping Christ and no idol, and thus having got hold of the true idea, yet from want of faith cannot always realize it, and so have parts of their lives more or less out of that influence which should keep them right,—and thus they also fall into evil; but they are the best, because they have set before them Christ and no idol, and thus have nothing to cast away, but need only to impress themselves with their ideas more constantly; "they need not save to wash the feet, and are then clean every whit."

9. The life and character of Robespierre has to me a most important lesson: it shows the frightful consequences of making everything give way to a favourite notion. The man was a just man, and humane naturally, but he would narrow everything to meet his own views, and nothing could check him at last. It is a most solemn warning to us of what fanaticism may lead to in God's world

ENGLISH DIVINES.

1836. Life, p. 400.

10. I wish I could sympathize with you in what you say of our old Divines. I quite agree as to their language; it is delightful to my taste; but I cannot find in any of them a really great man. I admire Taylor's genius, but yet how little was he capable of handling worthily any great question? and, as to interpreters of Scripture, I never yet found one of them who was above mediocrity. I cannot call it a learning worth anything, to be very familiar with writers of this stamp, when they have no facts to communicate; for, of course, even an ordinary man may then be worth reading. I have left off reading our Divines, because as Pascal said of the Jesuits, if I had spent my time in reading them fully, I should have read a great many very indifferent books. But if I could find a great man amongst them, I would read him thankfully and earnestly. As it is, I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His Pilgrim's Progress seems to be a complete reflection of

Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it. I think that Milton, in his "Reformation in England," or in one of his Tracts,—I forget which,—treats the Church writers of his time, and their show of learning, utterly uncritical as it was, with the feeling which they deserved.

Why is it that there are so few great works in Theology compared with any other subject? Is it that all other books on the subject appear insignificant by the side of the Scriptures? There appears to me in all the English divines a want of believing, or disbelieving anything, because it is true or false. It is a question which does not seem to occur to them. Butler is indeed a noble exception.

11. HOOKE.—I long to see something which should solve what is to me the great problem of Hooker's mind. He is the only man that I know, who, holding with his whole mind and soul the idea of the eternal distinction between moral and positive laws, holds with it the love for a priestly and ceremonial religion, such as appears in the Fifth Book.

12. BUNYAN.—I cannot trust myself to read the account of Christian going up to the Celestial gate, after his passage through the river of death. I have always been struck by the piety of the Pilgrim's Progress: I am now struck equally, or even more, by its profound wisdom.

13. UNITARIANISM.

1833. Life, p. 278.

My great objection to Unitarianism in its present form in England, where it is professed sincerely, is

that it makes Christ virtually dead. Our relation to Him is past instead of present; and the result is notorious, that instead of doing everything in the name of the Lord Jesus, the language of Unitarians loses this peculiarly Christian character, and assimilates to that of mere Deists; "Providence," the "Supreme Being," and other such expressions taking the place of "God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," "the Lord," &c., which other Christians, like the Apostles, have found at once most natural to them, and most delightful. For my own part, considering one great object of God's revealing Himself in the Person of Christ to be the furnishing us with an object of worship which we could at once love and understand; or, in other words, the supplying safely and wholesomely that want in human nature, which has shown itself in false religions, in "making gods after our own devices," it does seem to me to be forfeiting the peculiar benefits thus offered, if we persist in attempting to approach to God in His own incomprehensible essence, which as no man hath seen or can see, so no man can conceive it. And, while I am most ready to allow the provoking and most ill-judged language in which the truth, as I hold it to be, respecting God has been expressed by Trinitarians, so, on the other hand, I am inclined to think that Unitarians have deceived themselves by fancying that they could understand the notion of one God any better than that of God in Christ: whereas, it seems to me, that it is only of God in Christ that I can in my present state of being conceive anything at all. To know God the Father, that is, God as He is in Himself, in His to us incom-

prehensible essence, seems the great and most blessed promise reserved for us when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

14. DISSENT.

1841. *Life*, p. 665.

I think the existence of Dissent a great evil, and I believe my inclinations as little lead me to the Dissenters as any man's living. But I do not think in the first place, that the Christian unity of which our Lord and His Apostles speak so earnestly, is an unity of government,—or that national churches, each sovereign, or churches of a less wide extent than national, each equally sovereign, are a breach of unity necessarily; and again, if Dissent as it exists in England were a breach of unity, then there comes the historical question, whose fault the breach is? and that question is not to be answered summarily, nor will the true answer ever lay all the blame on the Dissenters, I think not so much as half of it.

15. SCHOLASTIC THEOLOGY.

1836. *Life*, p. 369.

It will never do to judge a man, not for the opinions which he holds, but for the degree of condemnation which he passes on the opposite opinions, ὁ μὲν χαλεπαῖνων πίστος ἀλλὰ δὲ δὲ ἀντιλέγων αὐτῷ ὑποκτῆς. But to whom are they πίστος and ὑποκτῆς? Not to the wise and good, but to the unprincipled or fanatical partisan, who knows not what truth and goodness are. Poor Jeremy Taylor understood well this intolerance of tol-

ration, when he thought it necessary to append to his *Liberty of Prophesying* a long argument against the truth of the Baptist opinions, because he had been earnestly arguing that, although untrue, they were neither punishable nor damnable. You have always heard me, and I hope I shall always be heard, to insist upon the Divinity of Christ as the great point of Christianity: but it is because I think that the Scholastic Theology has obscured and excited a prejudice against it, that I am rather thankful myself for having been enabled to receive Scripture truth in spite of the wrapping which has been put around it, than I can condemn those who throw away the wrapping, and cannot conceive that beneath a shell so worthless, there can lurk so divine a kernel.

16. COMMENTARY ON THE SCRIPTURES.

1832. *Life*, p. 256.

I think I see the possibility of a true comprehensive Christian Commentary, keeping back none of the counsel of God, lowering no truth, chilling no lofty or spiritual sentiment, yet neither silly, fanatical, nor sectarian. I know of nothing more urgent than to circulate such an edition of the Scriptures, as might labour, with God's help, to give their very express image without human addition or omission, striving to state clearly what is God's will with regard to us now; for this seems to me to be one great use of a commentary, to make people understand where God spoke to their fathers, and where he speaks to them; or rather, —since in all he speaks to them, though not after

the same manner,—to teach them to distinguish where they are to follow the letter, and where the spirit.

17. TRUTHS OF REVELATION.

1840. Life, p. 282.

The truths of Revelation are placed before us in Scripture as very vivid images are sometimes presented to us in dreams. It is like a secluded spot near a large city, where, when we stand in one particular spot, all human habitations are shut out from our view—but by a single step we come again within sight of them, and lose the image of perfect solitude. So it is in the scriptural statements of the Atonement—as long as we can place ourselves exactly in that point of view, and catch it as it is presented to us in this dreamlike fashion, none of the false views which so often beset it can come across us: the highest act of love is the sacrifice of self—the highest act of God's infinite love to man was in the Redemption—but from the ineffable mystery which hangs over the Godhead, God could not be said to sacrifice Himself;—and therefore He sacrificed His only Son—that object which was so near and so dear to Him, that nothing could be nearer and dearer.

18. THE PROPHETS.

1831. Life, p. 227.

If you read Isaiah, chap. v. iii. xxxii.; Jeremiah, chap. v. xxii. xxx.; Amos iv.; Habakkuk iii.; and the Epistle of St. James, written to the same people a little before the second destruction of Jerusalem, you

will be struck, I think, with the close resemblance of our own state to that of the Jews ; while the state of the Greek Churches to whom St. Paul wrote is wholly different, because from their thin population and better political circumstances, poverty among them is hardly noticed, and our duties to the poor are consequently much less prominently brought forward. And unluckily our Evangelicals read St. Paul more than any other part of the Scriptures, and think very little of consulting most those parts of Scripture which are addressed to persons circumstanced most like ourselves.

19. THE APOCALYPSE.

1835. Life, p. 305.

The Babylon of the Revelations is chiefly taken from the Babylon of the Old Testament, which it resembles in pride of power, whilst the images of wealth are from Tyre. Pagan Rome, no doubt, was the immediate object—as it is said, “the city on the seven hills,” then answering in power and wealth to the city here described. But in the higher sense it is the world—*οὐρανός* ; and wherever a worldly spirit prevails, there, in some sense, is Babylon. Thus, Rev. xviii. 4 is another mode of expressing Rom. xii. 2, and Rev. xviii. 24 expresses in other words 1 John iii. 13, John xv. 10. The great secret of interpreting the Revelations is, to trace the images back to their first appearance in the Old Testament Prophets. What to me is a decisive proof of the falsehood of the usual commentaries on the Apocalypse is, that the history which they present of the middle ages, and of Europe

generally, is such as no one in his senses fairly reading that history would find there.

20. CHRISTIAN UNION.

1833. *Life*, p. 260.

It grieves me more than I can say to find so much intolerance; by which I mean over-estimating our points of difference, and under-estimating our points of agreement. I am by no means indifferent to truth and error, and hold my own opinions as decidedly as any man; which of course implies a conviction that the opposite opinions are erroneous. In many cases, I think them not only erroneous, but mischievous; still they exist in men, whom I know to be thoroughly in earnest, fearing God and loving Christ, and it seems to me to be a waste of time, which we can ill afford, and a sort of quarrel "by the way," which our Christian vow of enmity against moral evil makes utterly unseasonable, when Christians suspend their great business and loosen the bond of their union with each other by venting fruitless regrets and complaints against one another's errors, instead of labouring to lessen one another's sins. For coldness of spirit, and negligence of our duty, and growing worldliness, are things which we should thank our friends for warning us against; but when they quarrel with our opinions, which we conscientiously hold, it merely provokes us to justify ourselves, and to insist that we are right and they wrong.

1833. *Life*, p. 268.

21. If, whilst relaxing the theoretical bond, we were to tighten the practical one by amending the government

and constitution of the Church, then I do believe that the fruit would be Christian union, by which I certainly do not mean an agreement in believing nothing, or as little as we can. Mean time, I wish to remind you that one of St. Paul's favourite notions of heresy is, "a doting about strifes of words." One side may be right in such a strife, and the other wrong, but both are heretical as to Christianity, because they lead men's minds away from the love of God and of Christ, to questions essentially tempting to the intellect, and which tend to no profit towards godliness. And again I think you will find that all the "false doctrines" spoken of by the Apostles, are doctrines of sheer wickedness; that their counterpart in modern times is to be found in the Anabaptists of Munster, or the Fifth Monarchy Men, or in mere secular High Churchmen, or hypocritical Evangelicals,—in those who make Christianity minister to lust, or to covetousness, or to ambition; not in those who interpret Scripture to the best of their conscience and ability, be their interpretation ever so erroneous.

22. Excommunication ought to be the expression of the public opinion of Christian society; and the line of offences to be censured seems to me very much marked out by the distinction between sins against the Son of Man, and sins against the Holy Ghost. Obscene publications are of the latter character, and are actually under the ban of Christian public opinion; and in proportion as the Church became more perfect, errors of opinion and unbelief, which are now only sins against the Son of Man, would then become sins against the Holy Ghost, because then the outward

profession of Christianity would have become identical with moral goodness.

1832. Life, p. 257.

23. Other Christian sects are not all error, nor we all truth; *e. g.* the Quakers reject the communion of the Lord's Supper, thereby losing a great means of grace; but are they not tempted to do so by the superstitions which other Christians have heaped upon the institution, and is there not some taint of these in the exhortation even in our own Communion service? And with regard to the greatest truths of all, you know how Pelagianism and Calvinism have encouraged each other, and how the Athanasian Creed, at this day, confirms and aggravates the evils of Unitarianism.

These men have an advantage over us, $\lambda\gamma\omega\kappa\alpha\tau'$ $\alpha\theta\mu\pi\sigma\sigma$, which the Catholics had over the Protestants: they taxed them with damnable heresy, and pronounced their salvation impossible. The Protestants in return only charged them with error and superstition, till some of the hotter sort, impatient of such an unequal rejoinder, bethought themselves of refuting with the charge of damnable idolatry. But still I think that we have the best of it, in not letting what we firmly believe to be error and ignorance shake our sense of that mightier bond of union, which exists between all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; perhaps I should say, in not letting our sense of the magnitude of the error lead us to question the sincerity of the love.

I must conclude with a more delightful subject—my most dear and blessed sister. I never saw a more

perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind; intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness—a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribands of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child,—but of herself, save only as regarded her ripening in all goodness, wholly thoughtless, enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise, though never leaving her crib, nor changing her posture; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death, from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason, which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory.

24. CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

1840. *Life*, p. 409.

The Apostles' Creed may be taken as a specimen of truths held by the general consent of Christians; for everything there (except the Descent into Hell, which was a later insertion) is in almost the very words of Scripture. It is just like St. Paul's short creed in 1 Corinthians xv.: "I delivered unto you that which I received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and was buried," &c. But this Creed says not a word of priesthood or succession,—it does not even say a word of either Sacrament.

The points for which * * * needs the consent of the Church, are points on which the principal ecclesiastical writers had all a manifest bias; partly from their own position as ministers, partly from the superstitious tendencies of their age. And after all how few are those writers! Who would think of making out the universal consent of the Christian world from the language of ten or a dozen bishops or clergy who happened to be writers? Who will bear witness to the opinions of the Bithynian Church, of whose practice Pliny has left so beautiful a picture? Or who would value for any Church, or for any opinion, the testimony of such a man as Tertullian? But, after all, consent would go for nothing where it is so clearly against Scripture. All in Asia were turned away from Paul, even in his lifetime. No wonder, then, if after his death they could not bear his doctrines, and undermined them while they were obliged outwardly to honour them. The operation of material agency to produce a spiritual effect is not more opposed to reason than it is directly denied by our Lord, on grounds which would rationalistic, if I were to use them. I refer to what He says of the impossibility of meat defiling a man, or water purifying him.

25. Ours being the dispensation of the fulness of times, a new system is with us not to be looked for; and, if we hold fast the principles of the Gospel, we have no other object to look to than that great one, which indeed has been enough neglected,—the working out and carrying into all earthly institutions the practical fruits of these principles. I have always thought that the Quakers stand nobly distinguished from the multi-

tude of fanatics, by seizing the true point of Christian advancement,—the development of the principles of the Gospel in the moral improvement of mankind. It is a grievous pity that some foolishnesses should have so marred their efficiency, or their efforts against wars and oaths would surely ere this have been more successful.

26. SUBSCRIPTION.

1880. *Life*, p. 483.

I have been satisfied now for many years,—and wonder almost that I ever could have been otherwise,—that Ordination was never meant to be closed against those who, having been conscientious members of the Church before, and wishing in earnest to be ministers of the Church now, holding its truths and sympathizing in its spirit, yet cannot yield an active belief to the words of every part of the Articles and Liturgy as true, without qualification or explanation. And I think so on historical as well as on *à priori* grounds; on historical,—from the fact that the subscriptions were made more stringent in their form to meet the case of those whose minds, or rather tempers, were so uncomplying, that they would use in the service of the Church no expressions which they did not approve of; and therefore the party in power, to secure the conformity, required a pledge of approbation;—and also from the expressed opinion of Bull, Usher, and others; opinions not at all to be taken to such an extent as if the Articles were Articles of peace merely, but abundantly asserting that a whole Church never can be expected to agree in the absolute truth of such a number of propositions as are

contained in the Articles and Liturgy. This consideration seems to me also decisive on à priori grounds. For otherwise the Church could by necessity receive into the ministry only men of dull minds or dull consciences; of dull, nay almost of dishonest minds, if they can persuade themselves that they actually agree in every minute particular with any great number of human propositions; of dull consciences, if, exercising their minds freely and yet believing that the Church requires the total adhesion of the understanding, they still, for considerations of their own convenience, enter into the ministry in her despite.

It may be said that this makes the degree of adhesion required indefinite. And so it must be: yet these things, so seemingly indefinite, are not really so to an honest and sensible mind; for such a mind knows whether it is really in sympathy with the Church in its main faith and feelings: and, if it be not, then subscription would indeed be deceitful; but, if it be, to refuse subscription would, I think, be at once unjust to the Church and to itself.

27. WANTS OF ENGLISH THEOLOGY.

1835. *Life*, p. 317.

My notion of the main objects of a Theological Review would be this: 1st. To give really fair accounts and analyses of the works of the early Christian Writers, giving also, so far as possible, a correct view of the critical questions relating to them; as to their genuineness, and the more or less corrupted state of the text. 2nd. To make some beginnings of Biblical Criticism,

which, as far as relates to the Old Testament, is in England almost non-existent. 3rd. To illustrate in a really impartial spirit, with no object but the advancement of the Church of Christ, and the welfare of the Commonwealth of England, the rise and progress of Dissent; to show what Christ's Church and this nation have owed to the Establishment and to the Dissenters; and, on the other hand, what injury they have received from each; with a view of promoting a real union between them. These are matters particular, but all bearing upon the great philosophical and Christian truth, which seems to me the very truth of truths, that Christian unity and the perfection of Christ's Church are independent of theological Articles of opinion; consisting in a certain moral state and moral and religious affections, which have existed in good Christians of all ages and all communions, along with an infinitely-varying proportion of truth and error; that thus Christ's Church has stood on a rock and never failed; yet has always been marred with much of intellectual error, and also of practical resulting from the intellectual; that to talk of Popery as the great Apostacy, and to look for Christ's Church only amongst the remnant of the Vaudois, is as absurd as to look to what is called the Primitive Church or the Fathers for pure models of faith in the sense of opinion or of government; that Ignatius and Innocent III. are to be held as men of the same stamp,—zealous and earnest Christians both of them, but both of them overbearing and fond of power; the one advancing the power of Bishops, the other that of the Pope, with equal honesty,—it may be, for their respective times, with equal benefit,—but with

as little claim the one as the other to be an authority for Christians, and with equally little impartial perception of universal truth.

28. THE CHURCH.

1830. *Life*, p. 214.

Have you ever clearly defined to yourself what you mean by "one society," as applied to the whole Christian Church upon earth? It seems to me that most of what I consider the errors about "the Church," turn upon an imperfect understanding of this point. In one sense, and that a very important one, all Christians belong to one society; but then it is more like Cicero's sense of "societas," than what we mean by a society. There is a "societas generis humani," and a "societas hominum Christianorum;" but there is not one "respublica" or "civitas" of either, but a great many. The Roman Catholics say there is but one "respublica," and therefore, with perfect consistency, they say that there must be one central government: our Article, if I mistake not its sense, says, and with great truth, that the Christian Respublica depends on the political Respublica; that is, that there may be at least as many Christian societies as there are political societies, and that there may be, and in our own kingdom are, even more. If there be one Christian society, in the common sense of the word, there must be one government; whereas, in point of fact, the Scotch Church, the English Church, and the French Church, have all separate and perfectly independent governments; and consequently can only be in an unusual and peculiar

sense “one society :” that is, spiritually one, as having the same objects and the same principles, and the same supports, and the same enemies.

1839. *Life*, p. 403.

29. To have a ministry in the Church is a great honour and a great responsibility ; yet in both is it far inferior to the privilege of being a member of the Church. In our heavenly commonwealth the *Jus Civitatis* is a thousand times greater than the *Jus Honorum* ; and he who most magnifies the solemnity of Baptism, will be inclined to value most truly the far inferior solemnity of Ordination.

1837. *Life*, p. 171.

30. When I hear men talk of the Church I cannot help recalling how Abbé Sièyes replied to the question, “What is the *Tiers Etat*?” by saying “*La nation moins la noblesse et le clergé* ;” and so I, if I were asked, What are the laity? would answer, the Church minus the Clergy. This is the view taken of the Church in the New Testament ; can it be said that it is the view held amongst ourselves, and if not, is not the difference incalculable ?

31. The Scripture notion of the Church is, that religious society should help a man to become himself better and holier, just as civil society helps us in civilization. But in this great end of a Church, all Churches are now greatly defective, while all fill it up to a certain degree, some less, others more. In proportion as they fulfil it less perfectly, so all that is said in Scripture of divisions, sects, &c., becomes less applicable. It is a

great fault to introduce division into an unanimous and efficient society; but when the social bond is all but dissolved, and the society is no more than nominal, there is no such thing, properly speaking, as creating a division in it. In this simple and Scriptural view of the matter, all is plain; we were not to derive our salvation through or from the Church, but to be kept or strengthened in the way of salvation by the aid and example of our fellow Christians, who were to be formed into societies for this very reason, that they might help one another, and not leave each man to fight his own fight alone.

32. CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

1833. *Life*, p. 292.

It has always seemed to me that an extreme fondness for our "dear mother the panther," is a snare, to which the noblest minds are most liable. It seems to me that all, absolutely all, of our religious affections and veneration should go to Christ Himself, and that Protestantism, Catholicism, and every other name, which expresses Christianity and some *differentia* or *proprium* besides, is so far an evil, and, when made an object of attachment, leads to superstition and error. Then, descending from religious grounds to human, I think that one's natural and patriotic sympathies can hardly be too strong; but, historically, the Church of England is surely of a motley complexion, with much of good about it, and much of evil, no more a fit subject for enthusiastic admiration than for violent obloquy. I honour and sympathize entirely with the feelings entertained; I only think that they might all of them

select a worthier object; that, whether they be pious and devout, or patriotic, or romantic, or of whatever class soever, there is for each and all of these a true object on which they may fasten without danger and with infinite benefit: for surely the feeling of entire love and admiration is one, which we cannot safely part with, and there are provided, by God's goodness, worthy and perfect objects of it; but these can never be human institutions, which, being necessarily full of imperfection, require to be viewed with an impartial judgment, not idolized by an uncritical affection. And that common metaphor about our "Mother the Church," is unscriptural and mischievous, because the feelings of entire filial reverence and love which we owe to a parent, we do not owe to our fellow Christians; we owe them brotherly love, meekness, readiness to bear, &c., but not filial reverence, "to them I gave place by subjection, no not for an hour." Now, if I were a Utilitarian, I should not care for what I think a misapplication of the noblest feelings; for then I should not care for the danger to which this misapplication exposes the feelings themselves; but as it is, I dread to see the evils of the Reformation of the 16th century repeated over again; superstition provoking profaneness, and ignorance and violence on one side leading to equal ignorance and violence on the other, to the equal injury of both truth and love.

1841. *Life*, p. 564.

33. I suppose it is that men's individual constitution of mind determines them greatly, when great questions are brought to a clear issue. You have often accused

me of not enough valuing the Church of England,—the very charge which I should now be inclined to retort against you. And in both instances the charge would have a true foundation. Viewing the Church of England as connected with the Stuart Kings, and as opposing the “good old cause,” I bear it no affection ; viewing it as a great reformed institution, and as proclaiming the King’s supremacy, and utterly denying the binding authority of General Councils, and the necessity of priestly mediation, you perhaps would feel less attached to it than I am. For, after all, those differences in men’s minds which we express, when exemplified in English politics, by the terms Whig and Tory, are very deep and comprehensive, and I should much like to be able to discover a formula which would express them in their most abstract shape ; they seem to me to be the great fundamental difference between thinking men ; but yet it is certain that each of these two great divisions of mankind apprehends *a* truth strongly, and the Kingdom of God will, I suppose, show us the perfect reconciling of the truth held by each. We ought not to lose the consciousness of the fact, that the two great divisions of which I spoke are certainly not synonymous with the division between good and evil ; that some of the best and wisest of mortal men are to be found with each ; nay, that He who is our perfect example, unites in Himself and sanctions the truths most loved, and the spirit most sympathized in by each ; wherefore, I do not think that either is justified in denouncing the other altogether, or renouncing friendship with it.

34. There might be a series of "Church of England Tracts," which, after establishing again the supreme authority of Scripture and reason, against Tradition, Councils, and Fathers, and showing that reason is not rationalism, should then take two lines, the one negative, the other positive; the negative one, showing that the pretended unity, which has always been the idol of Judaizers, is worthless, impracticable,—and the pursuit of it has split Christ's Church into a thousand sects, and will keep it so split for ever: the other positive, showing that the true unity is most precious, practicable, and has in fact been never lost; that at all times and in all countries, there has been a succession of men, enjoying the blessings and showing forth the fruits of Christ's spirit; that in their lives, and in what is truly their religion,—*i. e.* in their prayers and hymns—there has been a wonderful unity; that all sects have had amongst them the marks of Christ's Catholic Church, in the graces of His Spirit, and the Confession of His name; for which purpose it might be useful to give, side by side, the martyrdoms, missionary labours, &c., of Catholics and Arians, Romanists and Protestants, Churchmen and Dissenters. Here is a grand field, giving room for learning, for eloquence, for acuteness, for judgment, and for a true love of Christ.

1840. Life, p. 502.

35. I look to the full development of the Christian Church in its perfect form, as the Kingdom of God, for the most effective removal of all evil, and promo-

tion of all good: and I can understand no perfect Church, or perfect State, without their blending into one in this ultimate form. I believe, farther, that our fathers at the Reformation stumbled accidentally, or rather were unconsciously led by God's Providence, to the declaration of the great principle of this system, the doctrine of the King's Supremacy;—which is, in fact, no other than an assertion of the supremacy of the Church or Christian society over the clergy, and a denial of that which I hold to be one of the most mischievous falsehoods ever broached,—that the government of the Christian Church is vested by divine right in the clergy, and that the close corporation of bishops and presbyters,—whether one or more, makes no difference,—is and ever ought to be the representative of the Christian Church. Holding this doctrine as the very corner-stone of all my political belief, I am equally opposed to Popery, High Churchism, and the claims of the Scotch Presbyteries, on the one hand; and to all the Independents, and advocates of the separation, as they call it, of Church and State, on the other; the first setting up a Priesthood in the place of the Church, and the other lowering necessarily the objects of Law and Government, and reducing them to a mere system of police, while they profess to wish to make the Church purer. And my fondness for Greek and German literature has made me very keenly alive to the mental defects of the Dissenters as a body; the characteristic faults of the English mind,—narrowness of view, and a want of learning and a sound critical spirit,—being exhibited to my mind in the Dissenters almost in caricature. It is nothing but painful to me

to feel this; because no man appreciates more than I do the many great services which the Dissenters have rendered, both to the general cause of Christianity, and especially to the cause of justice and good government in our own country; and my sense of the far less excusable errors, and almost uniformly mischievous conduct of the High Church party, is as strong as it can be of any one thing in the world.

36. Our Church now has a strict bond in matters of opinion, and none at all in matters of practice; which seems to me a double error. The Apostles began with the most general of all bonds in point of opinion—the simple confession that Jesus was the Son of God—not that they meant to rest there; but that, if you organize and improve the Church morally, you will improve its tone theoretically; till you get an agreement in what is essential Christian principle, and a perfect tolerance of differences in unessential opinions. But now, the true and grand idea of a Church, that is, a society for the purpose of making men like Christ,—earth like heaven,—the kingdoms of the world the kingdom of Christ,—is all lost; and men look upon it as “an institution for religious instruction and religious worship,” thus robbing it of its life and universality, making it an affair of clergy, not of people—of preaching and ceremonies, not of living—of Sundays and synagogues, instead of one of all days and all places, houses, streets, towns, and country.

PRAYERS.

1. PRAYER FOR SCHOOL.

Life, p. 102.

O LORD, who by Thy Holy Apostle, has taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith, and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and we would fain devote them to Thy service. Sanctify them and the work in which they are engaged; let us not be slothful, but fervent in spirit, and do Thou, O Lord, so bless our efforts that they may bring forth in us the fruits of true wisdom. Strengthen the faculties of our minds and dispose us to exert them, but let us always remember to exert them for Thy glory, and for the furtherance of Thy kingdom, and save us from all pride, and vanity, and reliance upon our own power or wisdom. Teach us to seek after truth, and enable us to gain it; but grant that we may ever speak the truth in love:—that, while we know earthly things, we may know Thee, and be known by Thee, through and in Thy Son Jesus Christ. Give us this day Thy Holy Spirit, that we may be Thine in body and spirit in all our work and all our refreshments, through Jesus Christ Thy Son, our Lord.

2. PRAYER FOR THE COUNTRY AND GOVERNMENT.

Life, p. 634.

O Lord, who by Thy Holy Apostle hast commanded us to make prayers and intercessions for all men, we

implore Thy blessing, more especially upon this our country, upon its government, and upon its people.

May Thy Holy Spirit be with our rulers, with the Queen, and all who are in authority under her. Grant that they may govern in Thy faith and fear, striving to put down all evil, and to encourage and support all that is good. Give Thy Spirit of wisdom to those whose business it is to make laws for us. Grant that they may understand and feel how great a work Thou hast given them to do ; that they may not do it lightly or foolishly, or from any evil passion, or in ignorance, but gravely, soberly, and with a godly spirit, enacting always things just, and things wise, and things merciful, to the putting away of all wrong and oppression, and to the advancement of the true welfare of Thy people. Give to us and all this nation a spirit of dutiful obedience to the laws, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. Teach us to remember Thy Apostle's charge, to render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, not defrauding or suffering to defraud those who in the receiving of custom and tribute are thy ministers, attending continually upon this very thing.

Give peace in our time, O Lord. Preserve both us and our government from the evil spirit of ambition and pride, and teach us to value, and to labour with all sincerity to preserve, peace with all nations ; not indulging in taunts and railings against other people, but showing forth a spirit of meekness, as becomes those who call themselves Christ's servants. Save us from all those national sins which expose us most justly to Thy heavy judgments. From unbelief and profaneness,

from injustice and oppression, from hardness of heart and neglect of the poor, from a careless and worldly spirit, working and enjoying with no thought of Thee, from these and all other sins, be Thou pleased to preserve us, and give us each one for himself a holy watchfulness, that we may not by our sins add to the guilt and punishment of our country, but may strive to keep ourselves pure from the blood of all men, and to bring down Thy blessing upon ourselves and all who belong to us.

These things, and all else which may be good for our temporal and for our spiritual welfare, we humbly beseech Thee to grant in the name, and for the sake of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

3. DIARY.

Life, p. 607.

May 22, 1842.—I am now within a few weeks of completing my forty-seventh year. Am I not old enough to view life as it is, and to contemplate steadily its end,—what it is coming to, and must come to—what all things are without God? I know that my senses are on the very eve of becoming weaker, and that my faculties will then soon begin to decline too,—whether rapidly or not I know not—but they will decline. Is there not one faculty which never declines, which is the seed and the seal of immortality; and what has become of that faculty in me? What is it to live unto God? May God open my eyes to see Him by faith, in and through His Son Jesus Christ; may He draw me to Him, and keep me with Him, making His will my will, His love my love, His strength my strength, and

may He make me feel that pretended strength, not derived from Him, is no strength, but the worst weakness. May His strength be perfected in my weakness.

May 25, 1842.—O Lord, keep Thyself present to me always, and teach me to come to Thee by the One and Living Way, Thy Son Jesus Christ. Keep me humble and gentle. 2. Self-denying. 3. Firm and patient. 4. Active. 5. Wise to know Thy will, and to discern the truth. 6. Loving, that I may learn to resemble Thee and my Saviour. O Lord, forgive me for all my sins, and save me and guide me and strengthen me through Jesus Christ.

May 29, 1842. O Lord, save me from idle words, and grant that my heart may be truly cleansed and filled with Thy Holy Spirit, and that I may arise to serve Thee, and lie down to sleep in entire confidence in Thee and submission to Thy will, ready for life or for death. Let me live for the day, not overcharged with worldly cares, but feeling that my treasure is not here, and desiring truly to be joined to Thee in Thy heavenly kingdom, and to those who are already gone to Thee. O Lord, let me wait on patiently; but do Thou save me from sin, and guide me with Thy Spirit, and keep me with Thee, and in faithful obedience to Thee, through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord.

Sunday, June 5, 1842.—I have been just looking over a newspaper, one of the most painful and solemn studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much of sin and so much of suffering in the world, as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either. And then the thought of my own private life, so full of comforts, is very startling; when I contrast it with the

lot of millions, whose portion is so full of distress or of trouble. May I be kept humble and zealous, and may God give me grace to labour in my generation for the good of my brethren, and for His glory! May He keep me His by night and by day, and strengthen me to bear and to do His will, through Jesus Christ.

Saturday Evening, June 11, 1842.—The day after tomorrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed. And then—what is to follow this life? How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age. In one sense, how nearly can I now say, “Vixi.” And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified: I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But above all, let me mind my own personal work,—to keep myself pure and zealous and believing,—labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.

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